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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXI MAY 1960 No. 5

THE FRONTIERS OF KNOWLEDGE AND HUMANITY'S HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

[**Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar's** is a distinguished name in the province of education. In this Guest-Editorial he describes the kind of person education should strive to produce if it is to contribute effectively to the mastering of the threatening problems now before mankind. — ED.]

EVERY AGE presents a new challenge to humanity, but the challenge of the present epoch is perhaps the most spectacular and fateful because past conceptions of space and time, matter and life, have been transformed and the infinitely great and the infinitesimally minute components of the universe are discovered to be reservoirs of ever-functioning and ever-changing energy convertible alike to beneficent and destructive uses. All the same, the basic mystery of Existence stays unresolved, though the humble yet resolute enquirer perceives, at every turn, the workings of the inflexible, rhythmic and eternal law and thus acquires a truly spiritual sense of adventure and wonder.

Truly envisaged, the science of today and tomorrow should bring to us the same revulsion from narrowness, selfish regimentation, cruelty and oppression, and the same insistence on creative activity, harmony and tolerance, that ought to characterize a well-ordered social and religious training. There is, thus, no need to separate the scientific from the humanitarian and spiritual aims of education.

What shall be the future of education? In this age of specialized applications of science and technology, is man to become a thinking automaton dexterous in the fashioning of every new gadget catering to his creature comforts and in the devising of newer and newer apparatus and machines with infinite powers of wholesale destruction almost changing the face of Nature? Or, in the alternative, will mankind subordinate every

consideration to the creation of an environment of physical and economic well-being, of mental alertness and of spiritual poise, combining to produce a self-reliant and self-expressive personality, full of tolerance but determined to resist regimentation, aggression and all the denials of legitimate freedom? Surely, the answer can only be in favour of the latter alternative.

The emergence of such an alternative depends, in the main, on the right type of education. The child will begin to learn through play and through a life lived in intimate contact with Nature and its fellow beings. Such a child will be taught to observe and to cherish plant, bird and animal without wishing to seize or to destroy. Discipline will be directive but imperceptible, and the questioning spirit of the child will be responded to and not rebuked or evaded. The cultivation of an appreciation of the beautiful and appropriate in nature, art and story will be the task of the unobtrusive teacher who, from the beginning, will instil into the child ideas of neighbourliness and helpfulness.

The next period of adolescence will enable the growing boy and girl to learn the habits of accurate and logical thinking, to acquire some skill or craft or art involving the harmonious co-operation of the hand, the eye, the ear and the brain, to obtain a grounding in the basic knowledge relating to the organic and the inorganic world and to train his emotional reactions to respond to the call of beauty, truth and justice. All prejudice, racial, communal or social, should be eradicated and at the end of the secondary stage in education, the young boy or girl should be able to turn his or her hand to some art, craft, technique or skill so as to be fitted for his or her lifework. But whether such a person proceeds to follow a professional, technical or other avocation or whether he proceeds to a University or other centre of higher learning, he would have learnt by this time to distinguish the specious argument from the true, to differentiate between the beautiful and the merely meretricious or pretentious and to be capable of appreciating and being moved by the right type of literature, music and the arts. His memory should not be burdened with isolated bits of unconnected facts but his training should enable him to know where to look for and how to utilize knowledge and wisdom.

To those who are drawn towards higher learning or research, the universities and research institutions will impart in just proportion the disciplines of the humanities and the sciences. They will enable the students to be not the reluctant listeners to set lectures and witnesses of formalized experiments but self-reliant disciples of wise instructors and co-participants with them in the exploration of the frontiers of art and science.

From first to last the emphasis of education should be on the unhesitating pursuit of truth and the eschewal of all that is petty, illogical, false or fallacious. Science, in its multiform shapes, is bound increasingly to engage the attention of the student of the future, but true education will teach him the limitations and the temptations and perils of science. Ultimately, the man and the woman of the future has to be educated to realize that what count in the long run are the preservation and the unfoldment of the human personality. Our obligation is to harmonize the fullest self-expression with a tolerance which knows and will recognize no barriers amongst creeds and races and nations and with a sense of justice which will neutralize cruelty and aggressiveness and will work for reconciliation, for the "*Samavaya*" of Ashoka, namely, the spirit of live and let live for which all the sages of our race have pleaded.

Such results are not possible of achievement unless our religions, divorced from dogma or narrowing creeds and separatisms, become dynamically regulating factors working for peace and concord and unless science, along with its stimulation of the critical and enquiring faculties, also recognizes its inevitable limitations and boundaries and thus becomes the ally of that religious spirit which is founded on humility, wonder and reverence.

Thus shall we implement the Vedic precept: "Let us come together, let us discuss in harmony and let us be reconciled in spirit," and thus will come about the efflorescence of human personality which is the problem and the aim of all education.

C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar

THE EGG

Within this egg a tiny miracle
Of life and quivering song,
Exotic and superbly blending hues,
Wings that will soon be strong.

Symbol of some great truth beyond the ken
Of scientists, the mind
Is humbled at the sight of one frail shell;
We glimpse, who once were blind.

Our deepest questions are epitomized
Herein where lies the key
To all Creation and its flowering
Infinite mystery.

Herbert Bluen

KNIGHT IN HOMESPUN

[**Miss Marjorie Sykes** is admirably qualified to pay this tribute to the Knight in Homespun, with whom she was closely associated. Miss Sykes belongs to the Society of Friends and is now an Indian citizen. She has made India her home and serves her people devotedly along Gandhian lines. An eminent educationist and a gifted writer, she has chosen to labour for the humble and the poor of our country. — ED.]

IT IS TWO MONTHS NOW[1] since Shri J. C. Kumarappa was taken from our midst. People in India have been quick to note the circumstance that he died on the same date as Gandhiji, January 30th, and to comment on the "fitness" of this date. Such temporal coincidences may or may not be significant; what is no accident, however, is that during the last days of his life, during Republic Day and the days preceding the anniversary of Gandhiji's death, Kumarappaji's thoughts were constantly occupied with the way in which India today responds—or fails to respond—to the message of Gandhi. His devoted young friend and disciple, Shri Sivaramakrishnan, has described the deep sadness which filled Kumarappa's face and voice as, on the last morning of his life, he commented: "Is it not 30th January today? It is twelve years since Bapu passed away; what way are we better?" The words reveal the heart of the man; Gandhi and his message *mattered* to him above all things. The bond between the two men was very strong, and it is impossible to attempt any appreciation of what Kumarappa was and did without being conscious all the time of that other figure in the background of the picture. And yet each was intensely himself, and our memory of Kumarappa is enriched by those endearing personal traits which made him unmistakably Kumarappa and nobody else.

In an interview in London in 1931 Gandhiji is recorded to have closed a discussion on mass production by machinery with a reference to the spinning wheel as "machinery in terms of the masses," adding: "I hate privilege and monopoly. Whatever cannot be shared with the masses is taboo to me." Of all Gandhi's fellow workers, none was more steadily consistent than Kumarappa in working out the meaning of brotherhood and sharing in practical daily life; none cared more deeply about oppression and exploitation; none was a more tireless and valiant champion of the human rights of the poor and downtrodden. That is why, in casting about for a phrase which would indicate the impact of Kumarappa's life

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[1] Miss Sykes dates the finishing of this article on March 30th, 1960. — ED.

and personality, the word "knight" springs to mind. No doubt Kumarappa himself would have shouted with mirth at the very idea of applying such a term to him. And yet, how very applicable it is!

Imagination pictures the knight with sword and shield, in shining armour, trained, disciplined, prepared. Kumarappa too was a man who came well armed to his task. He was no blind fanatic, no sentimental devotee. He brought to his work a finely trained intellect, disciplined in the most rigorous academic tradition, prepared by a scientific study of economics and by experience in the world of business. His books contain a keen analysis of the economic factors in the life of man, and his programme is based on a scientific diagnosis of the ills of human society and a scientific appraisal of the steps needed to remedy them. This programme, and the personal standard of living that went with it, are the fruits of reasoned argument, not of romantic fancy.

This solid and serious economic thinking has not always received the attention it deserves, and the neglect of it is perhaps partly due to the lively, unconventional language in which it is conveyed. It is not "scholarly" enough for the professors! But Kumarappa persisted in writing for the ordinary man. Economics is the concern of all, he would say, because it has to do with the satisfaction of all men's material needs. He therefore eschewed the abstract jargon of the academic expert, and wrote for all, in plain, forceful, picturesque English. There is a certain type of academic mind, however, which resents the "intrusion" of the common man into its intellectual preserves; it prefers the "privilege and monopoly" which Gandhiji condemned.

In the economic world, Kumarappa was regarded only too often as the Don Quixote of a fantastic campaign for the "primitive." Conventional economists referred to him, when they did not ignore him, with amused condescension. The real reason for this lies deeper than the mere non-technical style of his writing. It is that most economists start from entirely different premises about the meaning and purpose of life. The current systems of economic thought, those that hold sway in all, or almost all, our university faculties, are based upon the outlook of the materialist. The essence of materialism (as another scientific economist, Dr. E. F. Schumacher, has recently pointed out) is *not* that it is concerned with material wants. *All* men are and must be concerned with material wants, up to a point. "The essence of materialism is the total absence of any idea of limit or measure." In this, in its exaltation of a limitless increase of material goods as the *summum bonum* of human society, it plainly runs counter to the teachings of all the most revered teachers of humanity.

"When will the teachers of economics," asks Dr. Schumacher, "be objective enough to tell their students that other systems of economics are possible, and necessary, and are even already available in rudimentary form?"

The importance of Kumarappa's writings is that they are a contribution to a system of economic thought which is *not* based upon materialism, but upon different presuppositions of ultimate value. They are the work of a pioneer, one of those who have made available, "in rudimentary form," the outline of a system of non-materialist economics. Those who reject materialism as a philosophy must also, to be consistent, reject materialist economics. They must seek an economic system in harmony with the view that Man and the Universe are a manifestation of the Spirit. They must beware of the specious arguments for things as they are, advanced by strongly entrenched vested interests. Kumarappa was one of the small company of thinkers who are blazing the trail of this new economics.

The knight of legend rode forth to succour the weak and the oppressed, and to fight the giants and the dragons which terrorized them. What a magnificent fighter Kumarappa was! He gave those dragons—the dragons of greed, cold complacency, lust for power—no respite and no quarter. He saw how they battened on the social and political iniquities which we ordinary folk support or permit. And he struck hard, with all his strength. Many of us must have been tempted to resent his onslaughts, to feel that sometimes he was "less than fair" in his sweeping condemnations of this or that cosy habit or time-honoured symbol. Yet if we are honest with ourselves we shall recognize that our resentment is partly due to our guilt. We have no moral right even to criticize his occasional extravagance of speech unless we are possessed by the same selfless passion as he was, the same burning zeal to vindicate the dignity and manhood of the lowliest and weakest human being. The flouting of the dignity of manhood was more fundamentally evil, in his mind, than even the flagrant inequality of material goods which is one of its consequences. "Labour is *not* a commodity; man is *not* a machine that does a given amount of work for a given amount of fuel." It may have been a part of his reverence for manhood that Kumarappa seldom or never talked about the "masses." He had had an English education, and was sensitive to the root meanings of words: "masses" was too impersonal in flavour for him. He did not think about "the poor in the lump," but about individual human beings, and about our need to be concerned with "*human relationships* in the economic field."

Those who knew Kumarappa in life have their own experience of the

depth and warmth and range of his personal friendships. They know that in spite of his "gad-fly" tactics and outspoken criticism, he was not moved by sour negation, and was not merely "agin the Government." His vigorous campaigns were inspired not by hatred but by love, by the impulse to seek and save the lost. When we seek for the driving force of his life, we enter into the inmost secret of his "knighthood."

The knight of old, at the outset of his career, entered upon his knighthood with an act of self-dedication. He spent a night in a chapel, keeping vigil before the Cross of Christ in fasting and prayer. Kumarappa's own writings reveal to us that he also found the source of his strength and inspiration in a constantly renewed self-dedication to Jesus Christ. His "economics of caring and sharing" have their roots in the practice and precepts of Jesus; his scrupulous endeavour to live in every detail according to the principles he preached was empowered by the Christ who lived what He taught. It has been well said that his phrase "a mother economy" may give us a glimpse of his debt to the practical Christian saintliness of his own mother. Over and over again he returns to the Gospels and finds in the parables and other teachings of Jesus the guiding principles for a sound, healthy ordering of society, fitted to express the dignity of the human being, his worth in the sight of God.

But this rootedness in the discipleship of Jesus did not mean, for Kumarappa, a static outlook, a contentment with accepted religious tradition. Very far from it. His was a dynamic religion; like the knights of the Holy Grail, he followed into the unknown future the gleam of the sacred light of Truth. Reading his little book, *The Practice and Precepts of Jesus* (a book which deserves to be much pondered) one is struck most forcibly by this manly dynamism of approach. There is no finality in his religion; he followed after Jesus, learning from Him, and made both humble and confident by the promise of the Master that though there are many things which he himself was unable during his earthly life to teach his disciples, "when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth." In that light of the Spirit of Truth Kumarappa would have been content to be judged.

MARJORIE SYKES

KALIDASA'S ABHIJNANASHAKUNTALAM

[READERS will remember the impressive essay on "Tragedy and Sanskrit Drama" in our issues for September and October 1959 by **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.**, Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair. The long essay of which we now print the first part is planned as a comprehensive examination and appreciation of the *Abhijñānaśākuṇtalaṃ*. As before, Shri Viswanatham writes with a passionate feeling for his subject and the essay is steeped in literary reminiscence. — ED.]

I

Kāvyeshu nātakam ramyam . . .

— ANON.

AN ANONYMOUS SHLOKA posits that drama is superior to epic, that the *Śākuntalam* is superior to all other plays, that the fourth act in that play is superior to the rest, that four verses in that act are the very Bible of poetry. Another anonymous verse regards the *Śākuntalam* as the very continent of Kalidasa's genius and exalts the fourth act as his "*sarvasvam,*" incarnation of his totality. The first verse is an excellent example of climax or *sāra* and an excellent example of bad criticism. Every statement in that verse can be disputed.

Aristotle in his forthright way states that tragedy is a higher form of art than epic. But a host of critics from Lamb down to Maeterlinck and Logan P. Smith have debunked the stage presentation of Shakespeare's plays. What has the voice or eye to do with such things? asks Lamb, as Bhoja states: "In this respect they are not so charming when they are seen directly as when they are narrated by men of gifted speech." The best English critics of Shakespeare — Johnson, Hazlitt and Lamb among others, writes Raleigh, have consistently refused to accept the stage presentation of his plays as a sufficient expression of his genius. If music and spectacle and the art of the stage machinist are what the drama has in addition to what it has in common with the epic, and if these are deflated by the best critics, there is a case for debate.

Is the *Śākuntalam* the best of all Sanskrit plays? That it is the best of Kalidasa's plays demands no particular critical intelligence to see. The moment the *Śākuntalam* is mentioned, pat come the lines of Goethe. Do the lines bear all our enthusiasm and interpretation of the play? Perhaps we are reading our modern feeling for the play into the lines. Goethe sums up the attitude of Europe excited over Sanskrit poetry,

> . . . like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Our feeling for Kalidasa is the Englishman's feeling for Shakespeare; he is one felt in the heart and felt along the blood. He is said to be the Shakespeare of India by a Western critic. If the tribute means that what Shakespeare is to English literature Kalidasa is to us, it is meaningful; otherwise it may be a misleading and downright silly expression. In style, characterization, feeling for the unending diversity of God's creation, the genius for comedy in the fatty Falstaffian girth of circumferential Humanity, the amazing defiance of grammar and lexicography in the interests of poetry, the royal wealth of metaphor, making our hearts tempest-tost and wind-driven in the surging waters of the emotions—they differ from each other by the whole breadth of the heavens. Western critics find a Shakespearian humanity in the *Mṛcchakatikam*. They regard Kalidasa as an escapist poet. What gospel does he utter as an unguent to suffering humanity? What is there in common between the Hermitage, the Hemakuta and the heavens and our daily life? The poet lives in a sequestered vale of beauty barricaded from the fierce storm of life. Hence Aurobindo denies him the moral dynamism that he finds in Valmiki. His message is the message of the senses, of their gratification. In his works there is the feast of the senses and the flow of the soul of desire. Kalidasa is a connoisseur of the rich tapestry of life: *Jnatasvādo vivṛtajaghanām ko vihātum samarthaḥ?*[1]

Is the fourth act in the *Śākuntalam* superior to the rest? It may smack of irreverent iconoclasm to fly in the face of traditional opinion. Another anonymous verse echoes the well-known *śloka* cited at the beginning:—

Tatrāpicha chaturthānko
Yatra yāti Śakuntalā.

We can brush aside this time-honoured remark. But we have to understand why it was so highly spoken of even when we reject the high laudation.

It is the picture of a daughter leaving the cosiness and warmth and forgiving affection of the parental home for unfamiliar adventures in new surroundings. Even Kanwa the ascetic who only adopted Shakuntala has eyes dimmed by tears: *Vaiklabyam mama tāvat idṛsam aho snehāt aranyaukasah.*

Secondly, the most affecting farewell to her friends, Anasuya and Priyamvada. Shakuntala asks them to embrace her together. There is a catch in our hearts as we read: *Tāta, Śakuntalāvirahitam sūnyamiva tapovanam katham praviśāmah?*[2] Shakuntala is unwilling to leave the hermitage so suddenly and uninvited by her royal lover, who promised to have her fetched with pomp and pageantry. With a nostalgic longing she asks the

sage: *Tāta, kada nu khalu bhūyopi tapovanam drakshyāmi?*[3]

Third, the most Franciscan or Wordsworthian farewell to the fauna and flora of the hermitage. Such is the close fellowship between man and nature. One can appreciate the full force of Ryder's observation that in Kalidasa we find in full perfection this kinship with nature which in Europe finds a mention only in the nineteenth century.

I in their delicate fellowship was one.

To Shakuntala the *vanajyotsna* creeper is a sister; to Kashyapa the creeper is a daughter: *Asyām aham tvayicha samprati vitachintah.* Shakuntala is one who has been characterized by:—

Nādatte priyamandanāpi bhavatām snehena yā pallavam[4]

The delivery of the deer is an event in her emotional life. We are reminded of the most innocent proof (and more convincing than the ring) she narrates to Dushyanta: *Sarvah sagandheshu viśvasiti dvāvapi khalu aranyakau*[5]. Dirghapanga is *putrakṛtaka.* This is not something special about Shakuntala. The *tāpasi* in Act 7 refers to the animals of the hermitage: *Apatyanirviśeṣāni sattvāni.*

Fourth, perhaps the leave-taking takes on an edge when we remember "*ati snehah pāpaśaṇkī*"[6] and "*nalinipatrāntaritamapi sahacharamapaśyanṭī ātura chakravāki arauti*"[7] and the subsequent events.

All this ineffable and delicate poetry should not blind us to its dramatic ineffectiveness. Even a novice today has to say that the act is wanting in action. If drama is a condition of mind, is just a swim in emotional tides, the judgment implied in the *śloka* is unimpeachable. But today we think of drama as action, as conflict, as the clash of wills, a tug of war between Right and Wrong, Right and Right, Bad and Worse. If drama is complex and multi-voiced then there is no drama in the fourth act. From the dramatic point of view the fifth act is a superb achievement. Lest our modern view appear iconoclastic, another anonymous verse deserves to be quoted. The fourth act is poetry; the fifth act is dramatic poetry of a high order.

Śakuntalā chaturthonkaḥ
Sarvotkṛṣta iti prathā
Na sarvasammatā yasmāt
Panchamosti tatodhikaḥ

Dushyanta's *Pratyutpannamati strainamiti yaduchyate...*; Shakuntala's *Anārya...tṛnachinnakūpopamasya tavanukṛtīm pratipatsyate*; Sharngarava's *Ataḥ parikshya kartavyam viśeṣāt sangatam rahah*; Gautami's *Karuṇaparidevinī Śakuntalā...pratyādesaparushe bhartāri kim vā me putrikā karoti*; Sharadvata's *Virama tvam idānim*; Somarata's *Vatse anugachcha mām*; the

door-keeper's *Idṛsam nāma sukhopanatam rūpam dṛstvā konyo vichārayati*; Hamsapadika's *Madhukara vismṛtosi enām katham;* the Vidushaka's *Avagato aksharārthaḥ*; the Kanchuki's *Shasṭhāmsavṛtterapi dharma eshaḥ*[8]—these are the many conflicting or individual voices in sharp anger with each other, are the sharp rifle shots that singe the air. The fifth act is superb drama which spotlights complex points of view.

A quartet of *ślokas* in the fourth act is said to be the very epitome of poetic excellence. The fifth *śloka* is one: "*Yāsyati adya Śakuntaleti . . .*," in which Kanwa with great imaginative sympathy comments on the searing feelings of householders. The eighth one is another: "*Pātum na prathamam vyavasyati jalam . . .*," in which the creepers with which Shakuntala lived in delicate fellowship are asked to give their consent to her departure. The sixteenth is the third: "*Asmān sadhu vichintya . . .*," in which Kanwa with restraint and dignity and courtesy suggests to the king how he should treat Shakuntala. And the seventeenth is the fourth: "*Sushrūsasva gurūn . . .*," in which the wholesomest parental advice to a daughter going to another house is given.

Are these *ślokas* superior to the rest? It is true that the first rouses very tender and affecting feelings in all. It paints the numbness, the desolation, that overcome us at the departure of a beloved daughter of the house. The second is a poetical testament of delicate fellowship with nature. That is the life the hermits lived. The verse is not a poetical fancy but a rich fact; Shakuntala has "*vanajyotsna*" for her sister; she tends the deer injured by *darbha* grass. In the third, Kanwa, though a hermit, reveals surprising awareness of the world. The royal son-in-law was told that the wealth of the father-in-law lay in austerities, that his union with Shakuntala was "*abāndhavakṛta,*" that he should treat her as generously as he treated his other wives, that the rest was her luck. More should not be demanded by the parents of the girl. The fourth is the most sensible parental advice, followed by one of those astonishing gestures of courtesy: *Katham vā Gautami manyate?*[9] The substance of the *śloka* is the very foundation of Hindu domestic felicity: "*Adwaitam sukhaduhkhayoh . . .*" In Bhasa's play, Mahasena says that his daughter has attained the age of serving parents-in-law; he does not say that she has come of marriageable age. Draupadi tells Satyabhama: *Nityam āryām mahām Kuntim virasīm satyavādinīm swayam paricharāmi enam pānāchchadanabhojanaih.*[10] The *śloka* reminds us of the finest of Bhasa's verses concerning the ideal wife: "*Duhkhārte mayi duhkhitā . . .*" or the picture of the *sviya* in *Rasamañjari*: "*Gatāgata kutūhalam . . . .*"

Still it is hard to approve of the selection of those four as the crown and

capital of Kalidasa's poetry even in the *Śākuntalam*. When we have verses like "*Ramyāni vikshya...*" "*Anāghrātam puṣpam...*" "*Alakshyadantamukulāni...*" (which won the appreciation of Chezy) or "*Bhagnam śarāsanamiva atirushā smarasya...*" the traditional selection seems to be just personal or individual.

The play is regarded by traditions as the finest example of *śṛṅgāra*. It is. But is that all? The Dushyanta who is overcome by Shakuntala-disease (*langhita esha bhūyopi Śākuntalavyādhinā*) is the Dushyanta who prays:—

Mamāpicha kshapayatu nīlalohitah
Punarbhavam...[11]

What is the play about? Is it a challenge to Buddhism? Does it suggest the supremacy of Fate?

Tayōdvayasya yugapat vyasanodayabhyām
Loko niyamyata iva atma dasāntarēshu.

Shall we say that the poet implies a kind of debate between the life of the forest-dwellers and the townsmen? Sharngarava feels mutilated by the multitude of men: "*Janākirnam manye hutavahaparitam gṛhamiva.*" To Sharadvata the people are unbathed, smelly and dozing: "*prabuddhamiva suptam.*" Gautami observes that forest-dwellers are without guile: "*Tapovanasamvardhito anabhijno ayam janah kaitavasya.*" The Vidushaka's indictment of the king is summed up in: "*Pindakharjūraih udvejitasya tintrinyām abhilashōbhavēt.*"[12] In *As You Like It* Touchstone sums up his views on life in the court and in the forest inclining to neither: "Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious."

Is the play about childlessness and the misery thereof, as the Sonnets of Shakespeare are said to refer to the problem of succession indirectly? The play opens with a blessing: "*Chakravartinam putram āpnuhi.*"[13] The Queen Mother is worried about her son's childlessness. The King finds a void in his life: "*Kaṣtam khalu anapatyatā*"—when he is informed of Dhanamitra's dying without issue. He has abandoned his wife: "*Vasundharā kāla ivoptabijā.*" The fate of his ancestors is sealed: "*Dhautāsruśeṣam udakam pitaraḥ pibanti.*" Later he says: "*Anapatyatā vatsalayati*" and envies those soiled by their children's dirt: "*Dhanyāḥ tadangarajasā malinibhavanti....*"

Is the theme, as Tagore suggests, the transformation of lust into love, of flesh into spirit, of youth into motherhood, of a royal rake into a devoted husband, of the young year's blossoms into the fruits of the year's decline, of earth into heaven, of the expense of spirit into the marriage of true minds? It is relevant to mention that Tagore's interpretation is not at all

justified by the play. To brand Dushyanta as a royal rake is not only injustice but insult. Dushyanta is not a Lothario and "the tear-stained song of a stricken heart" (Tagore describes the song of Hamsapadika thus) does not draw aside the curtain and reveal sterile and wasting lust. That is importing modern ideas into the *Śākuntalam*. Tagore's essay seems to have been written with the *Mahabharata* story more than Kalidasa's play in mind. Or does the play illustrate that what is easily won is quickly forgotten, that what is lost and found is more precious than what has never been lost?

> And ruined love, when it is built anew,
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

Or has the Upanishadic sentence: "*Tamasomā jyotirgamaya,*" assumed the form of a play? We march from darkness to light, from the unreal to the real, from death to immortality. In Greek plays anagnorisis and peripety have an important bearing on the play. In the fifth act Dushyanta has eyes that see not. The awareness in the next act leads him from change to normalcy of intense love. The title is *Abhijñānaśākuntalam*: "Shakuntala Brought to Mind by the Signet." The verbal form of this is used only once in the play: in the speech of Gautami in the fifth act: *Tvam bharta abhijñāsyate,*" when she asks Shakuntala to lift her veil a little. Māricha makes use of the same imagery: "*Chāya vibhati na malopahata prasāde.*" The blind man thrusts aside even a garland thinking it to be a serpent: "*Srajamapi śirasi andhaḥ kshiptam dhunoti ahiśankayā.*" The king is roused from a kind of mental lesion or amnesia. In this respect it is like *Hamlet,* one of the themes of which is bringing to light what is hidden.

> Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose
> Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
> Made purple riot....

Is Kanwa's hermitage Kalidasa's Utopia? The *outopic* revulsion from reality and the *eutopic* desire for a better world seem to be synthesized in the seventh act. Kanwa's Hermitage is Kalidasa's Dream; Hastinapura is his Fact. Dream and Fact could be reconciled only on Hemakuta.

The uniqueness of the *Śākuntalam* may consist precisely in this appeal at various levels. It is the multifoliate rose of implication and suggestion.

(*To be concluded*)

K. Viswanatham

NOTES TO SANSKRIT PASSAGES IN THE ABOVE

[Shri VISWANATHAM quotes profusely and happily from Kalidasa's actual Sanskrit text, and those familiar with even a little Sanskrit will feel the delight of those marvellous words being quoted direct. For the convenience of those who do not read Sanskrit, the following bare indications are given, to bridge as far as possible the gaps in their enjoyment of the article. A few phrases, which are explained by the context or paraphrased by Shri Viswanatham, are not translated.—ED.]

[1] Who that has tasted its delight is able to renounce her bared beauty?

[2] Father, how shall we enter this hermitage, void as it were, emptied of Shakuntala?

[3] Father, when indeed shall I again see this hermitage?

[4] She who, though loving ornament, from love of you plucked no leaf... [This is addressed to the sylvan deities and the trees of the hermitage.]

[5] All trust in their own kind — you are both woodland creatures. [Dushyanta had said this when a thirsty deer in the hermitage would not take from him the water it drank happily from Shakuntala's hands.]

[6] Great love is always fearing evil.

[7] When separated from her mate by even a lotus-leaf, the *chakravaki* bird cries out piteously, not seeing him.

[8] The speeches mean, respectively:

DUSHYANTA: This is why it is said that feminine wit is prompt!

SHAKUNTALA: Ignoble!... [who else] would be like you...a pit covered with fair grass?

SHARNGARAVA: Hence should companionship be formed after having carefully examined the companion....

GAUTAMI: Poor Shakuntala!... What will my girl do, being repudiated harshly by her husband?

SHARADVATA: Cease [speaking] now.

SOMARATA: Follow me, child.

DOOR-KEEPER: Who else would cogitate if such beauty came to him unsought?

HAMSAPADIKA: O bee, how are you forgotten...!

VIDUSHAKA: [Has Your Honour] understood the verse's meaning?

KANCHUKI: Such is the *dharma* of those who live by the sixth portion [traditionally due to kings as their revenue].

[9] Or how does Gautami think?

[10] Always I serve in person the noble Kunti, the truthful, with food, drink, coverings....

[11] This is a prayer for release from rebirth.

[12] In one surfeited with sweets will arise a craving for tamarind!

[13] May you obtain a son who will be Universal Emperor!

PIERRE CERESOLE

[**Mr. F. A. Lea,** a writer and social worker of the same thoughtful, candid, morally integral type as his subject, and biographer of the late John Middleton Murry, writes in this article of a profoundly *honest* thinker who achieved the Carlylean "originality" that Mr. Lea refers to in both his writing and his life by being detached and sincere. — ED.]

IT IS GIVEN TO FEW to be great, but absolutely any man can be original—simply because every man *is* original. No two are born with identically the same constitution (Maine de Biran held that our ways of feeling differ as much as our faces); no two have ever identically the same experience. Let a man only be true to his *own* constitution, therefore, speak only from his *own* experience, and he can no more escape originality than a thief can escape his thumb-print. What is more, his originality will be of the only kind worth anything at all, for that was a true saying of Carlyle's—it ought to be engraved over the door of every art-school—"The merit of *originality* is not novelty; it is sincerity."

Nobody would suggest that Pierre Ceresole was a great writer. He himself would have denied that he was a writer at all. In his private idiom, *littérateur* stood for "amusing oneself with ideas." His distrust of words, indeed, was almost excessive. "Words hardly enable us to find fellowship any more," he said once: "...true fellowship is renewed in action." In action, accordingly, he spent himself. But for the piety of his widow and friends, even the all-too-brief selection from his notebooks and letters entitled *For Peace and Truth* (Bannisdale Press, 1954) would never have found its way into print.

Yet action includes the act of writing. Ceresole would not have been Ceresole if he had not done that too as well as possible; and his talent, though modest, was by no means contemptible. Just because he did strive, and successfully, to "become what he was," therefore, this record may well outlast the more novel productions of many more gifted pens.

Pierre Ceresole was born in 1879, at Lausanne, the son of a Federal Judge and former President of the Swiss Republic. He was educated at the Gymnase de Lausanne, where he learned Classics, at Zurich, where he took a Doctorate of Mechanical Engineering, and at Munich, where he studied physics and mathematics under Röntgen. All these studies are reflected in his notes: the Classics in their vigorous simplicity, the mechanics in a number of striking similes, the mathematics not only in similes, but in the use of the word *géometrie* as a synonym for "objectivity." Objectivity was Ceresole's master passion. It had already found expression in the prayer

of his eighteenth year, "Grant us the honesty to examine our own thoughts and actions just as scrupulously and severely as those of others."

How does such a passion originate? It is hard to say. But these notes and letters, jotted down as they were over forty years, supply at least part of the answer. There is an exquisite consistency about them—not the consistency that excludes contradictions, but the consistency of life itself, of a living, developing organism. They open with an affirmation of life:—

> All these folk whose gloomy morality is centred in renunciation are forgetting altogether what is the essential thing. It is not morality, indispensable, absolutely indispensable and worthy of respect as that is, but it is joy, splendour, the magnificence of each and every human being. Virtue is only the means; the essence is life.

Ceresole's was the honesty of a man driven, by the force of life in himself, to discover anew the conditions of life, both for himself and others. That, of course, meant calling in question and discarding whatever might check or choke life; and he had little respect for the forced self-denials of puritanism. "...deliberately willed morality is horrible," he insisted: "you have no right to be moral if it is not your joy, your highest form of artistic expression"; and again, "Each one must simply carry out, very scrupulously and exactly, and in all sincerity, the thing it is in him to do, developing a poetry of his own, according to the rhythm that is in him." His was an experimental morality.

Experiment of this sort, however, scrupulously and exactly conducted, has nothing to do with what commonly goes by the name, the casual self-indulgence of those whose rationalism is mere rationalization:—

> Some go-ahead folk can see that a particular rule hitherto regarded as fundamental is now merely a hindrance, but others are ignoramuses taking away pieces without any idea of their importance. The props must be taken down with the utmost caution, experimentally. You need revolutionary people to prevent obsolete pieces from obstructing the workmen; you also need conservatives so that the whole thing doesn't collapse all of a sudden.

Ceresole's action was never a reaction.

Thus, though he questioned much and discarded much, the first things to go, in his case, were not the rules against self-indulgence, but the means to it. At the very outset, a career—the respectable, world-secluded, world-excluding academic career that lay open to him. Instead of accepting a professorship in Switzerland, he proceeded, at the age of thirty, to work his way across America as a labourer, and thence, *via* Hawaii, to Japan. Next, financial security. Brought face to face with the stultification of life

by possessions—and, as always, examining his own actions as strictly as others'—he turned over his entire earnings in Hawaii, some 15,000 dollars, to a local benefaction. Thenceforward he never had more than the bare means of subsistence.

Ceresole's experimentalism bore as little resemblance to hedonism as his renunciation to puritanism. The former was scientific, the latter spontaneous. And precisely because this was spontaneous, prompted by life itself, it made for life more abundant. The greater his detachment, the greater his sense of identity with all that lives, the stronger his persuasion that all are "cells in a much larger organism" with a will transcending their own, and, incidentally, the deeper his reverence for the spirit embodied in Christ:—

> Jesus Christ: What a radiant figure! I suggest you make short work of all the theologians, without the least scruple, and of all the scholars. If he never existed, it makes absolutely no difference to us,—since he exists *now*.

It is not surprising that, with such a conviction, Ceresole should have found himself at loggerheads with churchmen, on his return to Europe in 1914. He had no illusions about the acquisitive society. Having faced the fear of insecurity in himself, he could detect it wherever it hid; and nothing exasperated him more—nothing brought him nearer downright intolerance—than to hear the name of Christ invoked in defence of a society grounded in fear and greed:—

> You are indignant about the war. Did you get indignant about the daily injustices which made it not only necessary, but desirable? It is not the war which is terrible, but the lack of harmony which it reveals. A lack of harmony, moreover, which is tolerated with scandalous ease where social questions are concerned.

To Ceresole, the First World War appeared as a judgment, brought on itself by a civilization that put money before men: "War is here because men deserve it; poison circulates in the system, and suddenly comes out as an abscess." For this reason it did not take him by surprise, as it did so many of his contemporaries—and how superficial, beside his, sound most of their diagnoses!

Naturally, he stood out against the war, so far as was possible to the citizen of a neutral country. He refused to pay the tax on men exempt from military service, and made more than one public protest on behalf of imprisoned conscientious objectors. Because his impetus was an affirmation, however, he himself could not rest in conscientious objection. Action meant creative action; and it is by his creation, immediately after

the war, of the Service Civile Internationale that he will be best remembered. It was in pick-and-shovel work among the destitute of India and Spain that he discovered his distinctive vocation, the "task" upon which all his talents and training converged.

Not that Ceresole was a great organizer or administrator. Even as a man of action his talents were modest. But here as in the literary—indeed, as in every—field, it is originality more than talent that counts in the long run. Despite the interruption of a Second World War, despite the clang of iron and rattle of bamboo curtains, the Service Civile still carries on: inconspicuous, like its founder, yet perhaps as effective in repairing the shattered confidence between peoples as many a more spectacular project launched under banner headlines.

The Service Civile was not a pacifist organization, nor was Ceresole himself a sectarian. In fact, his fundamentally affirmative nature could bring him into collision, occasionally, with some of his pacifist co-workers. Of particular interest, in this connection, are his comments on Gandhi—whom, within the limits of *géometrie,* he admired intensely.

Gandhi happened to mention one of his cooks, who was about to get married. "Now," he sighed, "animal desire too has awoken in her." Ceresole's response was instantaneous:—

> Animal desire! As if real, incarnate life in its entirety was not of this sort, and rightly and nobly so.... How ugly and uniquely animal is this depressingly arid way of looking at things. Mahatma insists: "there is nothing spiritual in marriage." Then where is there anything spiritual? ... For Gandhi himself (as for St. James) it is only in service that the spiritual is truly and worthily manifested, that is, in help given to men to enable them to live as social beings on this earth. Extraordinary that a man should be interested in a religion that shows itself in helping peasants to make good butter, to spin cotton, to clear the garbage from their streets, and yet appear to have no enthusiasm for the loveliest and most immediate things of life, the most directly beautiful, love and scientific truth.

That this was no conviction of the moment, other entries in the notebooks attest. Considerably earlier he had written, for example, "Religion should be essentially a hallowing of the love of man and woman, of the very source of life, linking it with something infinitely vaster and more profound"—an intuition the more remarkable in one who was not to marry until his sixty-third year.

It was not only Hindu puritanism that shocked him. He was often at issue with British Quakers over the question of alternative service for

conscientions objectors, since, unlike some, he could never adopt a purely negative attitude towards the democratic State either. Prepared though he was, Socratically, to break its laws when they conflicted with conscience, and take the consequences, he was still keenly alive to its religious inspiration and achievement. It was these that he wished to see furthered. Consequently he found nothing incongruous in the idea of a Government's sponsoring the Service Civile itself.

That idea, unhappily, was not destined to realization, at least in his lifetime. Switzerland has not yet established even such provisions for conscientious objectors as exist in Britain and Scandinavia; and Ceresole's last years, which were also the last years of the Second World War, were embittered by repeated imprisonments incurred through his share in the conscientious objectors' witness—imprisonments that probably hastened his death in October 1945.

Saddened as he was, however, he was never soured. His zest for life survived to the last, even though—or perhaps because—he was ready to part with life at any moment. And so did his toleration—the surest index to continued growth. For a man whose whole nature is involved in the quest for truth, whose every insight is an inspiration to action and every action a key to fresh insights complementing and correcting the earlier, soon learns that the quest is endless, "final truth" just one more possession to be surrendered along with the rest. One of the latest entries in these notebooks reads as follows:—

> Lord, make us charitable and modest, if possible. Deliver us from fanaticism, from the conviction that we alone have a message from thee, that having the thesis, no one else has the right to contribute the antithesis, or at the next stage, the synthesis.
>
> It is for us to make the synthesis between what is good in the militarist and in constructive, heroic peace.

Originality, if it means no more than being true to one's own constitution, speaking only from one's own experience, may sound an easy thing to achieve. In fact it is the hardest of all, if only because it exacts self-knowledge—objectivity refined to total detachment. It is this objectivity that shines from Pierre Ceresole's *pensées*—and, unless I am much mistaken, will shine on for many years yet.

F. A. Lea

THE CREATIVE PERSONALITY

[**Miss Margaret Tims,** free-lance writer and playwright and editor of *Peace and Freedom*, is devoted to pacifism and interested in seeking solutions to political and social problems on the basis of non-violence. In concluding the previous article to which she refers at the opening of this, she wrote: "And it may be that in sketching the outlines of a new kind of society we shall also discover a new self." This article is her essay in exploring "the structure and functions of the peaceful, or creative, personality."

It is a remarkably undogmatic approach, free from any strained flights after the "superman"; but it emerges in the gentle insight that "to apprehend beyond ourselves, to 'feel for others,' is our only means of salvation." — ED.]

IT has been suggested in a previous article[1] that one of the requisites for the establishment of a peaceful society is to accept the existence of conflict. The causes of conflict between, and within, nations are comparatively easy to find and — given the will — to cure, since they are largely due to material disparity. It was also said that we must re-examine not only our institutions, but the "springs of action" of our personal and social lives.

Conflict between national groups has its corollary in the conflicts of interest between, and within, individuals. The causes of conflict at this level are much more difficult to isolate than in external clashes of material interests.

In order to discover their roots we have to begin with ourselves and work outwards: there is no "given" set of rules, although we may find a surprisingly large area of common ground through the pooling of individual experiences. This "pool," down the ages, has provided a reservoir of knowledge that to some extent can be relayed; but it must constantly be replenished from new springs if it is not to grow stale and stagnate.

As our first standard of comparison we might take the point where we left off in considering the "peaceful society": how to improve our social institutions. If we realize that every human institution, however imperfect, had its inception as the outcome of a human need, we shall not waste time and energy on "anti" propaganda. The Catholic Church fulfils one such need, the Communist Party another. Or perhaps they are only varying expressions of the same need — which is very wide-spread — for a life of order and purpose directed by an authority. These institutions could as

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[1] "Towards a Peaceful Society," by MARGARET TIMS, THE ARYAN PATH, August 1959, p. 359.— ED.

easily work in co-operation as in antagonism, ministering respectively to spiritual and material welfare, if they were willing to recognize that each has only a limited sphere of interest, that neither is the sole repository of truth.

This comparison is only used as an illustration of the diversity of form which our basic needs—all equally legitimate—may take. It would probably be generally agreed, however, that the mainspring for all action is the desire to "create." If this desire is not a living and potent one in a community, we get the situation of a "power *élite*" imposing its will on the passively-accepting majority—and whether the society is technically a democracy or a totalitarian state is by the way. For we can only create out of our own "creativity." We cannot be taught creation from books (although we can learn what it is) or buy it ready-made. We have, therefore, to find out what constitutes a truly "creative personality," and how to encourage its growth so as to enhance the quality of life all round.

The general principles which are based on common experience have to be adapted by each one of us to our own capacities and circumstances. If we are honest, we have to admit that the primary concern of all of us is our own survival. It would be both foolish and wrong to try and change this, to substitute some mythical "higher motive" to which we must submit ourselves. There is no higher aim than to stay alive! But to accept this aim creatively means seeing that our own survival is not at the expense of others; that, in the long run, in fact, it depends on them—no one could stay alive for long, and remain human, on an uninhabited and inaccessible island.

To avoid exploitation of people and resources, of course, requires self-discipline: the discipline of putting ourselves in perspective with the universe and finding our own place in it, neither exaggerating nor belittling our own importance. We are all supremely important inasmuch as the reality of existence can only be established through our own perceptions; but woefully unimportant if we imagine that our own perceptions reach the limits of existence or are the only ones that matter. We shall soon discover our error as we feel the clash of those differing, and equally tangible, perceptions that stream towards us from all sides. How can we, not avoid the clash, but meet it creatively?

Perhaps the least creative way of meeting it is by the erection of defence-mechanisms within ourselves. At some stages of development, defence-mechanisms are a necessary means of self-preservation. They are perhaps the only weapon of youth, which is harried on all sides to become this or that when it is still uncertain, or unaware, of what it ought to become.

They may also, I think, be legitimately used at later stages against immature or ignorant attacks. Parents, for instance, are sometimes as much in need of protection, or insulation, from the importunities of their children as the other way round.

The disadvantage of defence-mechanisms is that they tend to acquire a powerful life of their own. The problem then, as with nuclear weapons, is how to discard them when they have outlived their usefulness and become an encumbrance rather than an aid to further growth. The only possible substitute for defence-mechanisms, whether in dealing with children or would-be dictators, would seem to be the acquisition of fully adult, or human, standards ourselves. Too many parents do not have these standards, and resort to bribery or blackmail as an easy way out. Too many citizens just "can't be bothered" to protest against and resist the crimes that are committed in their names. And yet, resistance to sterile and destructive policies in their early stages is our only means of asserting our humanity against the "power *élite.*"

Adherence to human principles, and resistance to non-human ones, are both vital to the maintenance of creativity. But we should not let this, or any attitude, become a dogma. Along with it should go flexibility and open-mindedness to new knowledge. In some situations, it may not be "humanly" possible to behave as a human being should, and we had better admit it. If we are forced to say: "I would rather die than act like that!" then we have to record a failure; because in dying we have ceased to be human too. The only human choice is, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has put it, in "living and partly living."

Only thus, by trial and error, can we improve our lot. Perhaps the doctrine of the "superman" is the most dangerous fallacy of all. Although we exist at different levels, we cannot get "above ourselves." To be human in the highest sense is not to be perfect by any absolute standard. There is no such thing as a "perfect" human being; there can only be human beings in "perfect" relation to life. If this relation is seen as a kind of balance it is not an impossible aim, because perfect balance, or true balance, does exist as a measurable scientific fact.

We are all more or less unbalanced, in spite of our perpendicular gait; it is perhaps part of our human condition to be so. At best, we represent only one side of the balance, held in being by the tension at the other end. Our own personal imbalance is complemented, and mitigated, by the imbalance of others, and in that way the general balance of nature is preserved. This is nowhere more apparent than in relations between the sexes: if either could attain a state of complete balance within itself they

would not need each other and the human race would quickly come to an end. So that sex, through which desire to create has its most general application, is an integral element of our humanity and presents the greatest challenge to all our most human qualities. Merely to keep the race ticking over by routine reproduction is no more "creative" than the copy of an Old Master is an original work of art. We can only succeed in this relation to the extent that we are able to engage all our forces and lay bare both bodies and souls.

To obtain a complete understanding of, and respect for, the personality of even one other human being — or perhaps of oneself — is so difficult that most people turn aside from the attempt and settle for something less; hence the very small proportion of real marriages. But even though complete understanding may be impossible, we can at least get the issues clear by according to each element in life its proper due. It is unrealistic to extend physical standards to the non-physical world, or to try and comprehend the physical world by purely intellectual means. Spirit must speak to spirit, sense to sense, in its own time and place. We cannot get the lines crossed, as so often they are, and hope for a satisfactory communication. We can only achieve our perfect human balance when all our elements are correctly attuned, both with each other and with the outside world.

There is no one answer to this equation. Everybody must find his own. As a criterion, it could be said that any standpoint has validity that can find a "correspondence," or corroboration, outside itself. For most people, this means the correspondence with their own kind that finds its deepest expression in "love." But corroboration may also be found in religion, in art, or in a scientific or political theory. We cannot say that any of these means is the best or only one, or that they are mutually exclusive. In this sense, there is no such thing as "sublimation." We have no alchemy to change our natural properties; we can only direct them in line with our dominant needs.

To decide this direction, we have to know not only ourselves but our purposes and ends. If our aim is social or material success we shall adopt one course of action; if it is understanding of life we shall have to adopt quite another. To imagine that we can use the same means to both ends is as foolish as trying to crack an eggshell with a sledge-hammer or concrete with a pin. We have to use the right tools for the job, and then it will be accomplished. If we do not succeed in our chosen job, we may be sure that either our choice or our equipment is faulty. There is no other "success," in a creative sense, than the synthesis of ends and means.

If everything is "relationship," how can we evaluate any binding standards or laws? And without such standards and laws, what is the meaning of life? Is it merely an endless flux of renewal and decay? And what is the point of it, if that is all?

The point is perhaps the "law of relation" itself, which enables us to impose our own interpretative pattern, both as individuals and as groups, on the universal chaos. We see then that the chaos itself has a pattern, existing beyond and independently of our own sense-perceptions, of which our perceptions may only be a shadow or reflection: an "other-dimensional" relation, in fact. Examples of this relatedness can range from the rotation of the planets and the pull of the tides to the blink of an eyelid or the turn of a screw, encompassing both the animate and inanimate worlds, the animal, vegetable and mineral creations. There is no escape from this law: either we accede to it or we accede to the coming of chaos.

In concrete and immediate terms, what does this mean for *us*? What should we do, to maintain ourselves in relation with the universe? First and foremost, as has been said, by maintaining our own being in its elemental sense; which means, literally, in its own element. The "human" element is not that of an angel, or a devil, or of an animal, a plant or a rock. It may partake of all of these, and yet remain unique. Nature is indifferent to our fate, but we are not indifferent to hers. We are "involved in mankind," and in every other kind that we are capable of apprehending; and to apprehend beyond ourselves, to "feel for others," is our only means of salvation. That is the truly human vision, the justification for our continued existence. It has been concentrated, perhaps, in Albert Schweitzer's doctrine of "reverence for life": a concept that is simple enough to be universally understandable, and profound enough to have a universal application. If we act in accordance with this principle, in whatever situation, we shall not go far wrong.

Without vision, it has been truly said, the people perish. Can we go on violating our involvement, by misusing our powers and needs, and hope to survive?

MARGARET TIMS

MODERN MATERIALISM

[**Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, M.A., D.LITT.,** Head of the Department of Philosophy, Jabalpur University, describes in this essay the attempts at "a more subtle and adequate kind of materialism," with many direct quotations from distinguished writers of that school. We are in agreement with him in finding that, even on a sympathetic consideration, modern materialism is both an unsatisfactory account of the nature of consciousness and an unconvincing basis for morality. — ED.]

A GROUP of American scientists and philosophers has brought out a very interesting and notable book, a co-operative volume entitled *Philosophy for the Future*, edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill and Marvin Farber.[1] The book purports to be, as its subtitle indicates, "The Quest of Modern Materialism." It aims at "the exploration and reformulation of materialism," not, of course, of materialism of the older and the cruder type, but of "a more subtle and adequate kind of materialism." While the older materialism sought to explain all levels of existence, the inorganic and the organic alike, by the same physico-chemical laws of primary matter, modern materialism is characterized by the recognition of higher and distinctive "integrative levels of organization" to which physico-chemical explanation is inadequate.

> The inorganic and organic constitute distinctive levels, which can be referred to as lower and higher, in the sense that organic material systems are more highly organized and more complex, exhibiting new behaviour traits. There are also many subsidiary levels, gradients, and resonances within the inorganic and the organic. Within the organic, for example, we have cell, tissue, organ, organ system, organism, and population. Each level except the first contains all lower levels within it. For example, the tissue contains cells, which in turn have chemical components. The cell within a tissue, however, does not behave just as it does outside the tissue. Chemistry within the cell, too, is altered by the envelope which contains it. The one-floor plan of the classical biological mechanism is thus superseded by a modern structure displaying many diverse stories. The top stories, however, are always supported by the lower floors; and all floors must rest upon the ground floor studied by physics and chemistry.[2]

Such is the architectonic design of the universe envisaged by the modern materialist. He bridges the gulf between the inorganic and the organic by making the former the footstool of the latter, but he is opposed to all

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[1] The Macmillan Company, New York, 1949.

[2] *Philosophy for the Future*, Foreword, p. vi.

kinds of vitalism and general teleology. "The materialist makes himself at home in the world, not by investing Nature with purpose, but by transforming it to meet his needs."[3]

In one respect the modern materialist stands in sharp contrast to other *modern* trends of thought. Though "insisting on the indispensability of highly specialized, detached studies of various subject matters," he "recognizes the equal importance of integrating special departmental studies into a comprehensive world view" and thus ensures "the possibility of satisfying man's need for a comprehensive picture of the universe."[4] It is gratifying to note that the modern materialist does not discard the ancient conception of philosophy as the synoptic understanding of reality. His modernity, however, consists in his confidence of rising equal to the task by scientific methods alone.

In its epistemological position, modern materialism is realistic. It thoroughly approves of New Realism, which does not resolve matter into sense-data or any kind of neutral stuff. It also regards Critical Realism as "on the whole" closer to it. "Both schools, however, were myopic, restricting their interest to a few epistemological and metaphysical questions, whereas the gamut of materialist theory goes far beyond."[5]

Modern materialism is humanist and anti-supernaturalist in the most thoroughgoing manner. It is

> opposed to any other criterion of human value and policy than human needs and aspirations. It combats all forms of authoritarianism in morals and arts, opposes reduction of ethics to mere formalism, and rejects the appeal to any supposed extranatural source of experience.[6]

No longer is "materialism" to be treated as a term of opprobrium, but it is becoming, the Editors say at the close of their lucid Foreword to the volume, a perennial philosophy which "deserves a more systematic and penetrating study than it has received, up to now, at the hands of scientists and philosophers."

What has brought matter into disrepute? Why do philosophers look askance when the word "matter" is introduced into their discussions? What brought in the idealistic ill wind of "to be is to be perceived" to disturb the placid waters of realistic thinking? It is a faulty account of the human knowing, says Roy Wood Sellars. In "a neglect of the full-bodied background of actual, *plein-air* perceiving with its awareness of

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[3] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. vii.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. x.
[6] *Ibid.*, Foreword, p. ix.

the organic self, poised for action or alert,"[7] Sellars scents the source of the mischief. The Locke-Berkeley-Hume empirical approach to the problem of perception, Sellars thinks, has done the greatest disservice to philosophy by giving a faulty account of the perceptual situation, in which the mind or the soul is simply a passive recipient of sensations and sensations themselves are nothing but *termini* of physico-physiological processes, existing in and by themselves, as mental or subjective processes, locked up within the inner cabin of the mind.

This account overlooks the factor of alert directedness on the part of the organism, its attitude of "intent," "response" or "reference" whereby sensation is made continuous with overt action and ends in a manipulation of the objective environment. A full-blooded account of the perceptual process would require its statement in the form of a circuit: Stimuli—Central Physiological Condions—Responses, the S–C–R formula. Perceiving a book, for example, does not consist simply in having a sensation of the book in the mind, a mere subjective process, but is continuous with an overt action, say, taking the book from the shelf. Sensation is not the *terminus* of a physico-physiological process, but a *link* in a circuit which brings it not only in touch with, but into the actual manipulation of, *terra firma*. This account of perception, therefore, is regarded by Sellars as "pivotal for materialistic realism." For a fresh and thorough account of this perceptual theory, the reader is advised to refer to a very recent article of Sellars in *Mind*.[8]

Sellars claims for his theory conformity with biology and Gestalt psychology, which emphasize the point that the unit is a pattern. It is the emphasis on the pattern of stimulus-and-response integrated together, or the sensory-motor circuit, which distinguishes Sellars's account of the "how" of perceiving from that of the older philosophers.

From epistemology, let us now turn to the materialist account of life. To *Philosophy for the Future* J. B. S. Haldane contributes an essay on "Interaction of Physics, Chemistry and Biology." This essay explains the problems of "life" in materialistic terms. Haldane opines that, though it cannot be confidently said that an account of the phenomena of life is possible in terms of physics and chemistry as existing today, it promises to be possible in terms of physics and chemistry as developed in future. As all consistent materialists would do, Haldane draws our attention to the fact that "living substance is built up of the same kinds of atoms as are found in non-living material"—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, nucleic

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 82.

[8] R. W. SELLARS: "Sensations as Guides to Perceiving" (*Mind*, January 1959).

acids, carbon atoms, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, cadmium, vanadium sodium, potassium, magnesium, calcium, chlorine, etc.

> No sort of atom is peculiar to life, nor is there any evidence that anything leaves the body at death. A certain pattern of chemical events comes to an end, but there is no suggestion that vital spirits escape. Life is characterized by certain transformations of matter and energy. The energy is ordinary energy, as the matter is ordinary matter.[9]

Haldane sees no reason to draw any line of distinction between machines and living organisms. The Eniac calculator shows how "machines can be provided with something analogous to a memory." As higher living organisms have exteroceptors including sense organs which allow them to adjust themselves to their environments and proprioceptors which receive messages from the muscles, tendons and joints and allow them a fine regulation of movement, so also machines can be fitted with exteroceptors and proprioceptors. Haldane cites the instances of pilotless aeroplanes and torpedoes which move towards the sound of bursting shells detected by radar.

"Eniac calculation," Haldane tells us, "can solve not only mathematical but logical problems, and therefore at least suggests what may be the physical basis of thought."[10]

It seems to me that the proponents of the theory that a living organism is nothing better than a machine conveniently forget the fact that the machines owe their existence and their capacity to do what they can do to the intelligence of man. Has not the intelligence of man gone into the Eniac calculator, the pilotless aeroplane and the torpedo which moves towards a sound detected by radar? It would not be out of place to adduce here an interesting argument advanced by Eddington to rebut the theory under consideration:—

> If, for example, we admit that every thought in the mind is represented in the brain by a characteristic configuration of atoms, then if natural law determines the way in which the configurations of atoms succeed one another it will simultaneously determine the way in which thoughts succeed one another in the mind. Now the thought of "7 times 9" in a boy's mind is not seldom succeeded by the thought of "65." What has gone wrong? In the intervening moments of cogitation everything has proceeded by natural laws which are unbreakable. Nevertheless we insist that something has gone wrong. However closely we may associate thought with the physical machinery of the brain, the connection is

[9] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 204.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 210–11.

> dropped as irrelevant as soon as we consider the fundamental property of thought — that it may be correct or incorrect. The machinery cannot be anything but correct. We say that the brain which produces "7 times 9 are 63" is better than the brain which produces "7 times 9 are 65"; but it is not as a servant of natural law that it is better.[11]

Much capital is made in contemporary thought of the correlation of mental processes to cerebro-neural processes, and from the fact of this correlation it is inferred that the former are generated by the latter or even that the two processes are of the same kind. As C. Judson Herrick puts it, "The colligation of our mental life with its bodily instrumentation ...is so intimate and so well validated by adequately controlled scientific evidence that it must be accepted as an organic relationship."[12] Must it be so accepted?

> That there is a close connection between a state of consciousness and the brain [writes Bergson], we do not dispute. But there is also a close connection between a coat and the nail on which it hangs, for, if the nail is pulled out, the coat falls to the ground. Shall we say, then, that the shape of the nail gives us the shape of the coat, or in any way corresponds to it?[13]

Let us now turn to the materialist account of values. John R. Reid contributes to *Philosophy for the Future* an essay on "The Nature and Status of Values." According to Reid the usual criticism that materialists cannot explain values within the framework of their philosophy is altogether unfounded. An explanation of values in materialist terms is possible. Here is a definition of value in its generic and substantive sense:—

> X is a value either positive or negative, is equivalent to saying that X is an *experience* which involves, among its immediate conditions and constituents, *at least* a motor-affective attitude, plus some given *content* towards which the attitude is directed, and to which it is thus *related*.[14]

A value content must be the immediate object of a positive or negative motor-affective attitude. When I am thirsty the taste and feel of a drink of cool water constitutes a value content for me. The peculiar materialist flavour in the theory of Reid is his denial of an absolute or intrinsic value content, the value of any content

> being relative to the interest-conditioned frame of reference in which it occurs. ...Value may be said to "accrue" to the content, or it may be

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[11] A. S. Eddington: *Science and the Unseen World*, pp. 35–36.

[12] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 235.

[13] H. Bergson: *Matter and Memory*, Introduction, p. xi.

[14] *Philosophy for the Future*, p. 454.

> imputed to it, or to some value property attached to one or more of its causal conditions; but I think no value can be found within the content itself.[15]

Are values subjective or objective? Reid's answer is that they are both. A value

> is subjective in the sense that it depends upon a subject, a motor-affective attitude being a necessary part of the value relation. But since the other necessary part of the value relation is an object, it is equally plain that value in this sense is objective. Asking whether it is one *or* the other, on the presupposition that it cannot be both, is like asking whether marriage is male *or* female.[16]

To the question whether values are "metaphysically objective" in the sense that they can exist independently of a subject, Reid's answer is a clear "No."

Is this account of values safe for morality? Reid has anticipated the objection that his account of the relativity of values might be regarded as unsafe for morality and has tried to argue that it is not so. We do not feel convinced by his argument. If values, particularly moral values, are not regarded as intrinsic and absolute but are relative to motor-affective attitudes and interest-conditioned frames of reference, the ballast of the moral vessel is surely lost. Granting their necessary relation to a subject (for which reason they can be called "subjective" only by a misleading use of the term), values have no meaning and have no significance for human life unless they are metaphysically objective. The objectivity of anything is not destroyed by its reality being communicated to the experience of a subject.

S. N. L. Shrivastava

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[15] *Ibid.*, p. 456.

MAHATMA GANDHI, MARTIN LUTHER KING AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

[**The Reverend Dr. Hazel Foster** is a retired American woman minister who has published a good deal in the U.S.A. on both Gandhi and Martin Luther King. She has done a great deal of teaching and also lectured extensively. During 1939–40 she visited India and had "two wonderful days at Sevagram and over a week at Santiniketan." She is tremendously interested in racial equality everywhere and has highly esteemed friends in all five "races." The Rev. Dr. Foster has been an active member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and was professor for several years in Negro colleges — Spelman for women and Morehouse College School of Religion for men. — ED.]

JESUS' Sermon on the Mount early fascinated me. At eleven I decided to memorize those three chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and carried in my mind such sayings as: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" and "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."

In graduate studies I learned, however, that biblical scholars usually thought that this Sermon had been meant as an interim ethic, to be followed only until the end of the world, then expected shortly; or that it had only been meant for Jesus' most intimate disciples, to be "in the world but not of the world." Or perhaps that it was a glorious ideal but quite unattainable in such a world as ours. What tragic disillusionment! To me, then, it seemed almost too wonderful to be believed that I should come in contact with two men in my adult years who accepted it literally and completely, with amazing success!

A priceless privilege to me was my brief meeting with Gandhi. Soon after it his Partial Civil Disobedience programme began. I followed it excitedly as he permitted one follower after another to protest against India's participation in the War without Indians being consulted. Such followers made short speeches or shouted anti-war slogans. Vinoba Bhave, "the Walking Saint," came first. He addressed a small village audience as publicly announced and was promptly jailed as expected. Gandhi had insisted it be this simple "token protest" since France had just fallen, a terrible blow to Britain. Gandhi would never take advantage of an opponent's misfortune. It was Einstein who once said any nation would have to give up war if two per cent of its people got themselves arrested for the purpose. With Gandhi this was part of the expression of love ready to suffer without limit. Some years later Gandhi gave the kindly Hindu

greeting to his murderer. Once as I stood on the railway platform at Lucknow on my way to Allahabad I was introduced to a charming young Brahmin lady, Purnima Bannerji. When I remarked that my piled-up luggage was a burden, she answered gaily, "Oh, I have nothing at all to worry about today. The police are taking care of everything." She was on her way to jail.

In Allahabad I attended the dedication of a fine hospital built in memory of Jawaharlal Nehru's wife, Kamala, who had died just five years before. Gandhi was there to give the address and open the door. Many thousands attended. Madame Pandit's two older daughters were there with her younger sister. But where were Madame Pandit herself and her brother, Pandit Nehru, to whom the occasion meant the most of all? In jail.

The beloved and famous poet, Mrs. Naidu, was imprisoned, but when her health was obviously in danger, she was freed, whereupon she made a long journey to Gandhi's mud hut in Sevagram to ask for further orders! So it went, until Gandhi lost so many co-workers that he issued new orders. No member of the Congress Party might perform *Satyagraha* unless he or she was spinning fifty yards of cotton daily. I still own a subsequent newspaper clipping advising where one could find a spinning class to meet the Mahatma's requirement! All over the world where spinning is done it has been done by women—too menial for men. Yet Gandhi had made it a symbol, a means, of freedom, of economic independence, of patriotism. I had watched him spin, reverently, lovingly. I used to see teen-age girls sitting out in the Bentick High School compound in Madras in small groups with their wooden spinning-wheels. Those seemed their happiest moments. At a week-end retreat of the International Fellowship of Faiths the most impressive gentleman I met, middle-aged, turbaned, weighted with honours, proudly worked at his spinning. Now more and more persons were spinning, more and more qualifying for jail—men, women, all castes, all religions, all races, rich and poor, highly educated and illiterate, all bound in one brotherhood of devoted, almost jubilant suffering.

The world knows the sequel. Places of detention were filled with more and more thousands until the government did what it virtually had to do—slowly emptied the jails of the non-violent protesters. To what had it all amounted? Little apparently. Decrees as a military necessity went right on. Then, when the all-out Civil Disobedience Campaign began in 1942, I, back in the United States, was greatly distressed when I heard of fiercer repressions and the sufferings of both leaders and followers. But by August

1947, what unimaginable success! Four hundred million freed without bloodshed! In all the nineteen centuries since Jesus uttered his teachings, this is the first time they were applied on any such scale. Would that the world's statesmen would sit at Gandhi's feet!

But the Mahatma's "experiments with Truth" are being tried in important segments of life in different parts of the world. Martin Luther King, a southern Negro with a minister's degree and a PH. D. from northern schools, is the second man whose leadership in applying the Sermon on the Mount and Gandhi's methods has thrilled my soul. While in graduate school he heard Mordecai Johnson, a Negro college president, tell of his visits to Gandhi. Dr. King had made exhaustive studies of the world's leading philosophers of all ages and was steeped in Bible studies and theology. He was so impressed by Johnson's talks about Gandhi that he immediately bought a half dozen books about him and became convinced that non-violence and love could be effective beyond individual encounters. Jesus' life exemplified this, culminating in his words from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Dr. King became a Gandhian intellectually but had no idea he would ever have to give to his new convictions everything that was in him. At twenty-eight he accepted the pastorate of a Negro Baptist church in Montgomery, Alabama. Not many months after his highly successful and active beginning there, one of the injustices long suffered by the Negro community came to a head. City buses were segregated and while Negroes had their own section in the rear of each bus, they were sometimes ordered out of their seats to accommodate White passengers. Finally a Negro woman highly esteemed by her people refused to move when ordered by the driver to do so. She was arrested. Prominent Negro women were aroused and won the interest of others, especially Negro ministers.

The Rev. M. L. King was one. Wrongs on buses over many years were recollected. At a mass meeting a one-day protest by boycotting all city buses was agreed on. Response was so overwhelming it was decided to continue the boycott until certain very moderate demands were met by the company and the city. To his astonishment, Dr. King, only twenty-nine and a newcomer, was unanimously voted president of a new organization in charge of the boycott. Immediately he insisted that all his people must have Christ's love for all Whites, whatever they might do. He kept being surprised at the willingness of thousands of Negroes to take this attitude of love, forgiveness, self-suffering and non-violence. They became very familiar with Jesus' teachings and Gandhi's. At their weekly mass meetings New Testament texts on love and non-violence were popular, including

forgiving "seventy times seven times."

Since their protest fell on deaf ears in bus company and city, the boycott continued for nearly a year. Several ways were devised for transporting Negroes to work and church. Negro taxis, private cars (some cadillacs with wealthy women drivers, some lesser cars driven by ministers), were used. The generosity of such car service was unbelievable. Yet many had to walk, even up to twelve miles daily. Practically none of Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes rode a bus those almost twelve months!

Many ways were tried by Whites to break this costly boycott. Sympathetic Whites were intimidated. The Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Council became active. Many Negroes were arrested on trumped-up charges of disorderly conduct or traffic violations. Negroes were told their leaders were making money out of the boycott, certain insurance was denied on their cars, taxis were forced to charge a minimum fare too high, jobs were threatened. Crises kept arising which the leaders feared might stop the struggle. Most of the rank and file of the movement were poor and almost ignorant. Nevertheless they rallied at every crisis, whatever the suffering involved, and kept on with the boycott, steadily, with admirable self-control and love.

Dr. King found some of them ready for violence when he was arrested and when his house was bombed. On that occasion hundreds of Negroes rushed to the scene and milled around ominously, but, when Dr. King came out and admonished them to "meet hate with love" and quoted favourite verses from the Sermon on the Mount, they quieted down. Other bombings followed, but the Negroes kept calm. Finally, however, they were told by city authorities that it was a misdemeanour to boycott the buses and that all would be guilty who continued to do it. One consequence was that the Rev. Dr. King was brought to Court as chief defendant on the new charge. It looked like a dead end for the whole cause after all the months of struggle and courage on the part of the entire Negro community. About noon a friend put a paper in his hand as he sat in Court before his accusers. It gave him the news of the U. S. Supreme Court's decision that Alabama's State and local laws for bus segregation were illegal! Suddenly, at long last, the boycott had won through completely.

Whites had always feared that any Negro victories would make them insufferably arrogant, perhaps violently so. Here was their great chance! But their year of education and steady practice of non-violence kept them steady still. Also, their leaders utilized the days before desegregation of the buses was to begin by appealing to their people in mass meetings and by setting up sessions for study and practice of proper behaviour on

buses. They even distributed thousands of mimeographed sheets of "Integrated Bus Suggestions." These included in their seventeen points appeals to be friendly, polite, not boastful, "to be loving enough not to absorb evil," not to sit next to a White if a seat beside a Negro was available, to be non-violent in every possible situation.

Unpleasant incidents against Negroes did happen after an opening calm, but the Negro community remained remarkably true to its bold new philosophy and before long the city took unsegregated bus riding for granted. Dr. King's book, *Stride Toward Freedom*, tells the whole story most effectively.

Today, nothing remains in a corner. The Montgomery campaign became known around the world and encouraged the men and women in the non-violent revolution of South Africa. The Montgomery Negroes in turn felt a bond of kinship with these noble resisters and thrilled to know that Gandhi's son was carrying on his work in the very area where the entire *Satyagraha* movement began. The Mahatma's influence has evidently persisted there through the years, notably among certain Christian chiefs who had learned about passive resistance from India. John Gunther, in *Inside Africa*, relates most feelingly the firm non-violent resistance of the paramount chief of the Angoni in Nyasaland, aged Philip Gomani. His entire tribe entered into the spirit. They all opposed federation within the Rhodesias, for their Whites would dominate any federation. These Africans never yielded, yet they sang hymns and prayed, thousands of them, protecting their ailing chief against arrest with their bodies, yet utterly non-violent. Held in his wife's arms to keep him from falling, he stood and besought God and the Queen of England to take pity on them. He had to pay "the last measure of devotion," dying a hospitalized prisoner. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." There are others like him in Africa. It is indeed inspiring to watch these experiments of truth circling the earth. Such could yet change the world.

HAZEL E. FOSTER

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

BERTOLT BRECHT *

BERTOLT BRECHT, both the artist and the man, is great and puzzling figure in the twentieth-century theatre world. The author of this exceptionally fine and penetrating study succeeds in solving many hitherto controversial problems in Brecht's attitude towards society and theatre. Brecht, who is "the most important Communist writer of his time," has at the same time a great influence on the Western intellectuals. Much, in his life and work, is contradictory: he was born in Augsburg (South Germany) in 1898; he later became Austrian by passport; a German publisher secured the copyright of his drama; he travelled and lived as a refugee abroad in Denmark and the U.S.A.; but though a confirmed Marxist he never settled in the Soviet Union and he was not an enthusiast of Stalinist Russia; he died in East Berlin in 1956; his plays were admired in the West as well as in the East. After having personally received the Stalin Peace Prize in Moscow (in 1955), Brecht, "to the undisguised dismay and fury of the East German party stalwarts," put a big share of his prize money into his Swiss bank!

The author, who bases his arguments on a wealth of documentary evidence, convincingly shows how Brecht's political affiliations and his creative activity are linked together but again and again lead to conflict, because Brecht is an anarchist and a cynic as well as a Communist propagandist, *i.e.*, he is never a completely "committed" playwright because of his lifelong preoccupation with his own conflict between the forces of reason and instinct. Therefore, it is no wonder that Brecht's artistic and intellectual intentions have often been misread and misinterpreted. To give an example, in his *Mother Courage* Brecht originally wanted to demonstrate how foolish it was for Courage to carry on — but the audience enthusiastically praised her heroic struggle; moreover, the horrors of war could easily be interpreted as an indictment of Russian (not only German) militarism. In his didactic drama *Die Massnahme* (The Disciplinary Measure) (1930), Brecht created the "only great tragedy on the moral dilemma of Soviet Communism," a tragedy naturally condemned by the Communist Party. But his play *The Mother* (1932) is nearest to orthodox Communism, a true propaganda drama. Perhaps Brecht's "Ballad of Mazeppa," as the author cogently proves, is an image of Brecht's own creative experience — the conflict between subconscious impulse and intellectual control suggested above: the Cossack, tied to a wild horse, is dragged to his death — this is also life, without a way out; the control lies in his commitment to the cause of scientific Marxism and Communism.

The author is particularly good on Brecht's "epic theatre" and so-called "*V-effect*" — *Verfremdungseffect* or *distantiation*. Brecht does not want to reveal the characters of his plays to the audience in a too familiar way, *i.e.*, he does not want the actors to identify themselves too much with the characters. Brecht is against all "realistic" emo-

* *Brecht : A Choice of Evils. A Critical Study of the Man, His Work and His Opinions.* By MARTIN ESSLIN. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. London. xii + 305 pp. Frontispiece. 1959. 35*s*.)

tional acting; his actor must command a rational control of emotions, a conscious, deliberate, critical presentation, because, according to Brecht, the theatre is a theatre and not the world itself. This theatre is essentially anarchistic and negative; moreover, it is didactic and aggressively dialectic. All in all, the theatre is not to make one feel emotions; it should make one think.

Yet, Brecht's theatre (as the author most lucidly explains) is not a lecture-room, nor is it a circus; it is a living presentation of what Brecht called "historical or imaginary happenings among human beings." Instead of a theatre which gives the illusion of reality he created his "epic theatre" which was constantly to remind the audience "that it [was] merely getting a *report*" of past occurrences. Above all, his art is rooted in his political principle: to drive out one evil by another evil, *i.e.*, national totalitarianism by communist totalitarianism. This should, however, be achieved with the artistic detachment described above.

With a few exceptions the author avoids generalizations. His controlled presentation of the theme deserves praise. Moreover, his book is not only a remarkably thorough and balanced but also a very readable piece of work.

AUGUSTUS CLOSS

SHELLEY'S THOUGHT AND WORK*

"The decision of the cause, whether or no I am a poet. . ." It was natural that Shelley, contemplating his failure with the public, should speculate a little to his friends. But he made one important error about the future judgment of posterity; he expected that, with all the evidence laid out, and a vision calmed by time and objectivity, the verdict of the court would be unanimous. Perhaps he underestimated his propensity (like Coleridge's) for getting under the skin of certain types and scratching them. And had he realized how slim a chance the truth has between rival theorists on the one side and the uncaring multitude on the other, his gloom would hardly have been lightened. At present, those who gurgle lovingly at the name of Shelley are usually thinking of a few anthologized lyrics or a soprano ballad to his half-heard words. The more earnest and austere shudder away from his lush imagery; the realists denounce it as escapist stuff, and the rational logicians reject it as an aerial bridge over chaos.

This is a long but relevant preamble to the pleasant task of hailing a new book on Shelley free of all these prejudices, and with a sound, constructive outlook that its subject would have welcomed. Mr. Desmond King-Hele is primarily a mathematical research-worker on guided missiles and earth satellites. P. B. Shelley, we may remember, plunged into chemical and electrical experiment even earlier than political reform. In time both science and politics were absorbed into the very stuff of his creative mind. Commonly we remember the reforming zeal but forget the science because it has been so fully clothed in his own poetic idiom. As a scientist, Mr. King-Hele readily perceives the bony physical structure stiffening and supporting the wreaths of imagery. Where many critics have been floored, and laid the blame on Shelley, he gives the true interpretation. For example, the meteorology of the "sky's commotion" in the "Ode to the West Wind" has never been so convincingly analyzed. Nor are Shelley's moon fancies

* *Shelley: His Thought and Work.* By DESMOND KING-HELE. (Macmillan and Company Ltd., London. vii+ 390 pp. 1960. 42*s.*)

adrift from astronomical laws. (Mr. King-Hele does suspect him, once, of staging a "horned" moon in the West on the evening after it had risen at midnight; but I would credit the spellbound hero of "Alastor" with pursuing "the windings of the dell" for the full week that would elapse between that third-quarter, midnight-rising moon and a new crescent.)

The significance of such scientific testing is to stress a too-neglected factor of Shelley's intellectual strength, precision and modernity of thought. And the great merit of this book — which includes enough biography to give shape to the poetic progress — is that Mr. King-Hele broadens and expands his view in sympathy with Shelley's own expansion. Planting him firmly on the concrete physical base, Mr. King-Hele follows him — far enough for a good start — into his Platonic ideals. His perplexity over love in flesh and spirit, the remarkable humanity that made him, as Trelawny recognized, the centre and guiding spirit of the group in Pisa, besides being the most practical-minded, patient and diplomatic of them all.

Interpretation of the poetry can — whether profitably or not — be carried further than the scope of this book permits. It is a popular study in the best sense of the word; easily absorbed by any attentive reader; based on authority, yet fresh, independent and fearless in approach. Here, in short, is the immediate, common-sense answer to the question of "what this Shelley business is about." Mr. King-Hele deserves our gratitude for bringing a scientifically-trained mind to bear on it.

SYLVA NORMAN

Brief Voices: A Writer's Story. By ETHEL MANNIN. (Hutchinson of London. 280 pp. Frontispiece. 1959. 21*s*.)

The latest instalment of Miss Mannin's autobiography will be welcomed by the hundreds of thousands of readers who have been moved by her many perceptive novels, bright with human feeling, and illuminated by her growing spiritual awareness. The title is appropriately taken from *The Light of Asia*:

> But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
> Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings.

Unassailable as a novelist, Miss Mannin does herself less than justice as an autobiographer. She is far better at writing about others than of herself. Too many passages in *Brief Voices* give the impression of extracts from a writer's notebook, rather than of a writer's life recollected in tranquillity. Nevertheless what she has to say is often important, and always interesting.

The brief account of her husband's — Reginald Reynolds — journey to Japan, and of his death last year in Australia, is a small masterpiece. "Wherever he went," she writes, "he came back in love with the people; he had that immense capacity for liking and loving, and for inspiring liking and love."

How very surprising it is that Miss Mannin's own trip to India in 1949 should have left her cold and unfruitful! Her later trip to Burma produced *Land of the Crested Lion* and *The Living Lotus*, both of which reveal warm understanding of the East.

She is, however, the kind of writer whose sparks fly best when struck against the flint of her own country. She has no illusions about the truthfulness of orthodox Christians in Britain, exempting only the Quakers from self-deception and what her father called "handling the truth carelessly." She frankly describes National Insurance in the Welfare State as a "racket," instancing this with her husband's own case in hospital. She courageously exposes

the unedifying episode of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* (an exceptionally bad novel by any standards), which she claims was boosted into a best-seller in the West for political and commercial reasons, and regrets how few "stubborn truth-mongers" there were to decline to admire the Emperor's new clothes.

We regret her intolerance of modern youth. It is a little ironical that Miss Mannin, who once earned the reputation of being Britain's leading Angry Young Woman should be so lacking in understanding of today's Angry Young Men. Has it not occurred to Miss Mannin that today's young men may be angry because they are prevented from expressing in print the views which she would both understand and approve?

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Freedom and Culture. By DOROTHY LEE (Prentice-hall, New York. 179 pp. 1959. $ 1.95)

Dr. Dorothy Lee of Harvard University is an internationally famous cultural anthropologist. This volume contains fifteen of her papers published in journals and symposia. The variety of the subjects treated by her is indicated by the chapter titles in this book. "Individual Autonomy and Social Structure" emphasizes the importance of the individual in a culture. How far the individual is free and how far he is bound by his culture has been very well discussed by Dr. Lee. There is no conflict between individual autonomy and the social structure in which he has to live. Both complement each other and contribute to the growth of the human and social organisms as a whole. Likewise in other papers included in this book she emphasizes the importance of values in life and underlines the philosophical issues concerning existence, perception, freedom and culture. The unique thing about this book is that a very difficult subject has been treated in a style which is charming, personal and convincing. Dr. Lee has done a signal service to the cause of the individual, who is passing through a cultural crisis today all over the world. The book will be useful not only to the students of cultural anthropology, sociology, psychology and education but also to the intelligent lay reader.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

The True Book About Mahatma Gandhi. By REGINALD REYNOLDS. Illustrated by N. G. WILSON. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 144 pp. 1959. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

"What has happened to the feilow Gander, or some such name?" This question Mr. Reynolds answers admirably for the casual reader wishing to know something of the life and teachings of Gandhi. The author does not deviate into a critical analysis of any of Gandhi's principles, neither does he reveal much of Gandhi's family life. This biography presents Gandhi, the advocate of *ahimsa* (non-violence), *satyagraha* (force of truth) and compassion.

Although written for the younger reader the simple style is complementary to Gandhi's way of life — the white hand-spun loin-cloth, the shaven head and the spinning wheel, the Gandhi known affectionately by Indians as *bapu* (father).

The reader need not worry at the gaps which the author is unable to fill through lack of historical data. Why Gandhiji's legal assignment in South Africa came at a time when he was generally known as a "flop" is quite unexplainable. Mr. Reynolds asks, "Did some genius in the Indian firm see the real possibilities that nobody else had yet discovered in Mohandas [Gandhi]

— not even Mohandas himself?" These gaps then may only be the "mystical gaps" which one should expect in the life of a "Mahatma" and which a book of this kind cannot reveal.

JOHN BONNEWELL

Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict. By JOAN V. BONDURANT. (Oxford University Press, Bombay. 265 pp. 1959. Rs. 10.00)

This book has been read while in the midst of Shanti Sena work during the recent Kerala election period and during the Sarvodaya Fortnight of the Madurai District Gramdan villages culminating in their *Yatra* to Madurai. Thus it was viewed by pilgrims on trek.

In a sense there is a philosophy of such pilgrimage. But true pilgrimage is ever ironing out its own philosophy. Thus at times one finds the observations of the author very academic; at another moment one understands how the interested observer may find much of help and inspiration in such a study. The reviewer met the author in her hometown, Berkeley, California, and found an open-minded and sympathetic seeker. This is a very common experience in the Western world and it might well be that something new will emerge in the West itself out of its study of India's *satyagraha* movement on pilgrimage.

This book covers a very large field. It reviews the background out of which the *sarvodaya* concept has emerged: both out of the West and out of India. It surveys some movements such as the "Salt *Satyagraha,*" the "Ahmedabad Labour *Satyagraha,*" etc. It points out some of the unique aspects of Gandhi's experiments with truth. But I can well imagine Dr. J. C. Kumarappa finding in the analysis serious defects, were he still alive. Here is where the "black spot" of the Westerner is visible. Here is where the Marxist does understand. That is, Gandhi was ever aware of the economic involvement in all his struggle. Thus the spinning wheel was *the* symbol of his movement, primarily, an economic symbol! That unique follower of Gandhi, Vinoba, has taken this economic struggle a step onward in his *Gramdan Sarvodaya* movement.

Perhaps, the most revolutionary aspect of it all was Gandhi's insistence that all this was impossible without "a living faith in God (Truth)." I am not so sure but that this aspect of Gandhi's pilgrimage coloured all other aspects. And then when he insisted on walking spiritually with men of every faith and nature the revolutionary tinge became more clear. Some Christians are aware of this challenge in Gandhi. But no one has taken up the challenge seriously. It remains for some of us to take this aspect of the movement, the spiritual aspect, to its logical conclusion, and within the struggle to meet the dire needs of mankind, to iron out justice for all.

It seems to me that this is one of the most serious books on the underlying philosophy of *Satyagraha.* It is a good beginning. The student of this great movement of Love of the twentieth century cannot afford to ignore this analysis.

RALPH RICHARD KEITHAHN

Buddhism in Chinese History. By ARTHUR F. WRIGHT. (Stanford University Press, California; Oxford University Press, London. xiv+144 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 25*s.*)

This is a quite excellent little book treating a large subject in exemplary fashion. It presents a short summary of Chinese history, especially Han-T'ang, but all the way up to 1900. It sets out with loving care why and how Buddhism was taken up by and was

adapted to the Chinese mentality, the reasons for its influence and flourishing, and for its decline. The author's approach to his subject is dynamic throughout and his presentation lively.

History never repeats itself. Yet there is a great deal to be learnt from historic trends. At a time when the West shows decided interest in Buddhism — and under similar circumstances of stress — a book like this may well be a pointer for the thoughtful.

For the Buddhist, there are some interesting facts. For example, that it was Buddhist monasteries which opened the first free dispensaries in China, administered to the sick, built and ran cheap or cost-free hostels, etc. Another fact also of interest to the present time is that the Ch'an (Japanese: Zen) sect survived the general decline for about five hundred years. As we know, it is still extant and the first translations of its unbroken tradition are just being published.

The illustrations are chosen to show the transformation from the Indian to the Chinese ideal in the process of adaptation. The book is extremely well annotated, and gives a larger appendix of reading matter for those whose appetite is whetted.

I. SCHLOEGL

Buddha Dhamma. By G. C. LALL. (Kitab Mahal, Allahabad. 251 pp. 1959. Rs. 5.00)

This book is a painstaking work but, despite the author's claim to thirty years' pondering on the Dhamma, it gives an impression of immaturity and is regrettably coloured by the prejudice of upbringing. Taken all in all, this short book is stimulating, and where the author is expressing his own views on the application of the Dhamma today, one can sympathize if not always agree with him. But the great defect is in the title. Those calling their work "*Dhamma*" must be careful to adhere to the Dhamma and not shed or alter it when it suits them. As in Ambedkar, of whose book this is often reminiscent, the Four Ariyan Truths emerge unrecognizable. On p. 25 Shri Lall says of them:—

> He [Buddha] stated that He attained ... knowledge of the Four Ariyan Truths of which the first three, Anitya [doctrine of impermanence], Anatta [doctrine of Not-Self, and Dukkha have come in for much criticism.

While *Anitya* and *Anatta* are important metaphysical points within the Dhamma, they are not two of the Four Truths. Again, Shri Lall's prejudice against meat-eating appears identically on three occasions in contradistinction to the Buddha's clear statement on the matter in the *Jivaka Sutra*. However, the merits of the book are also apparent, not the least being a breadth of mind which will not exclude Mahayana philosophical development — a *rara avis* in this type of literature.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

Myth and Symbol in Ancient Egypt. By R. T. RUNDLE CLARK. (Thames and Hudson, London. 292 pp. With 18 Plates in Photogravure, 40 Line Drawings, a Chart of Religious Symbols and a Map. 1959. 30*s*.)

In this book our author, who lectures in Egyptian History at Birmingham University, gives us a scholarly account of the religion of Egypt from 2,700 B.C. to 1,700 B.C. based on his own interpretation of the Pyramid Texts of the Sixth Dynasty and the later Coffin Texts.

His thesis is that though concerned with the doings of the gods at the beginning of time, they have, through their

use of symbols, an inward metaphysical and permanently valid meaning.

Chapter I deals with the emergence of the High God from the Primeval Waters, the emanation of the first duad, sky and earth, and the world egg. In Chapter II material from the Coffin Texts is brought in to amplify this account.

Chapters III and IV are concerned with the death of Osiris, regarded as a god-king of ancient time, his restoration to life by Isis, and the birth of Horus.

Chapter V deals with the esoteric part of the Osirian doctrine, in which the death and rising again of Osiris symbolize the mythical death and rebirth of the individual aspiring to union with Osiris in the world beyond.

In Chapter VI we have five myths about the great gods, among which that relating to the departure of Ra from the lower world, the Egyptian analogue of the Fall of Man, is of special interest.

The symbols of Egyptian mythology, including the Phœnix, are the subject of Chapter VII, after which, in the final chapter, the author states his conclusions clearly.

The work is completed by a mythological scheme and a chart of the major Egyptian religious symbols.

Your reviewer is gratified to find that an official Egyptologist has shown such unusual metaphysical insight.

C. A. WINYARD

The Sacred Mushroom: Key to the Door of Eternity. By ANDRIJA PUHARICH. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 262 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 21*s.*)

This book is a factual account of the experience of an American doctor, Puharich, who contacted a Dutch sculptor with unusual powers of extra-sensory perception. The sculptor, Harry Stone, in trance, wrote and spoke ancient Egyptian, whereas in his waking state he had no knowledge of Egyptology. His utterances, which purported to come from Ra Ho Tep, a royal Egyptian of the Fourth Dynasty, were mainly concerned with a sacred mushroom cult. The ceremonies associated with this cult enabled the soul and body of the principal participant to separate for a time, so that the soul could journey in space and time, and then return, enabling the participant to prophesy and exhibit other magical powers. A similar cult seems to have existed in Siberia and a mushroom ritual is performed at the present time in the remote parts of Mexico.

The mushroom, *Amanita muscaria* (Fly Agaric), can be found today and the author describes its pharmacology, and also controlled experiments designed to test its effects. These showed that it had little effect unless the subject already had extra-sensory powers, in which case these might be enhanced.

Although the title draws attention to the mushroom, the deeper subject of the book is the need for investigation of the existence of a mobile centre of consciousness. The author had an experience, which is by no means unique, of leaving his body on a bed, and looking at it from above; then of travelling far away and eventually returning, as someone knocked on his bedroom door, and becoming again his "sodden heavy self." No mushroom or drug was needed for this experience, and it is the implications of this phenomenon, in the last chapter, that comprise the deepest philosophy of the book.

The author is an experienced worker in parapsychology and the book shows that he was fully alive throughout to the possibilities of fraud. It is a refreshingly clean and clear book on the very complex and muddy subject of extra-sensory perception.

PHYLLIS G. CROFT

Studies in Education and Culture in Honour of Shri D. C. Pavate. Edited by G. S. Halappa. (Pavate Diamond Jubliee Celebration Committee, Karnatak University, Dharwar. xviii+426 pp. 7 plates. 1959. Ordinary binding Rs. 15.00; full calico binding, Rs. 25.00)

Issued by the Pavate Diamond Jubilee Celebration Committee to commemorate the sixtieth birth anniversary of Wrangler D. C. Pavate, Vice-Chancellor of the Karnataka University, *Studies in Education and Culture* also serves as the token of the appreciation of his valuable services to the cause of education by distinguished scholars and educationists. One feels more details about the fine personality and work of Wrangler Pavate should have been given.

Opening with an appropriate Foreword from the distinguished savant Bharataratna Dr. C. V. Raman, Part I of the book has "Appreciations and Tributes" from well-known educationists who shed welcome light on aspects of Wrangler Pavate's life and work. The *Studies* proper make up Parts II and III, which contain, respectively, twenty-five articles on educational and scientific matters and thirty-six on culture. There are several contributions from abroad. As is naturally to be expected, the history, culture and progress of Karnatak are adequately delineated; reference may be made, in this connection, to "A Hundred Years of Education in Karnataka" (G. S. Paramasivayya), "Mineral Resources of Karnataka" (M. S. Sadashivaiah), "The Kayaka System of Education" (B. S. Gaddagimath), "Manuscripts and Records of Karnataka" (H. Deveerappa), "Kannadigas Outside Karnataka Down the Ages" (D. C. Sircar), "Epigraphy and Karnataka" (P. B. Desia), and "Karnataka Music" (R. Sathyanarayana). Some indication of the variety of topics dealt with may be had from the following articles: "On University Education" (C. D. Deshmukh), "Columbia University — Its Traditions" (Grayson Kirk), "Evaluation of Postgraduate Students" (John T. Cowles), "Cross-Cultural Education" (Stefan C. Christopher), "India on the Frontiers of Science and Technology" (N. R. Tawde), "The Transfer of Culture from Town to Country" (Sjored Groenman), "The Future of English in India" (Armando Menezes), "The Eclipse of Freedom and Democracy" (R. P. Masani), "Language, Alphabet and Script" (Humayun Kabir) and "Fifty Million Unemployed" (Michael Young).

The paper, printing and get-up are excellent.

A. D. Pusalker

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** describes this month his impressions of Danilo Dolci and his work; plans, in which he is concerned, for the celebration of the Tagore Centenary in Paris; and a forthcoming exhibition of Indian art at the Petit Palais.—ED.]

I WAS ASKED by Les Amis de Danilo Dolci to take part in the Symposium at which this "ideal twentieth-century saint" (as Aldous Huxley calls him) spoke to us. I did not come to listen to Danilo Dolci to find out whether he was a modern St. Francis or a Gandhi. Comparisons are almost always futile and often dangerous. I went with no preconceived ideas at all. I might have expected Danilo Dolci, in the Italian fashion, to wave his hands about, to show his buoyancy and explosive energy when expressing his concern for the world of men, but he did none of these things. Danilo Dolci shook hands with me simply and with innate courtesy, the kind of courtesy he extended to everyone around him. He did not seek to impress anyone. When he spoke he spoke clearly and easily. One felt he was interested not just in Sicilians and their problems but in the problems that confront people wherever they may be. As he talked to us he made me feel he was interested both in action itself and in the subtle processes of thought which precede action. Deep down I felt he was concerned with ideas and with the moral qualities which affect them when they are translated into action.

In a way, I thought of Danilo Dolci as a scientist — in the sense that whatever he said he said with precision. He talked to us about the terrible conditions in that part of Sicily which he knew; he told us about the immense wastage in land, money and human spirit that he saw around him; he told us about the many so-called honourable, legitimate assassinations that were going on in Palermo almost every day. He saw very clearly the deep inner crisis going on in the minds of these people who felt loveless and lost. What Danilo Dolci has done in these seven years is to help restore faith in themselves. This he has done by giving people work, by making them self-reliant and by making each of them feel he has something to offer to society. No man is nothing; no man an island unto himself.

In some respects Dolci has done what the Abbé Pierre has been trying to do in France and Latin America. I am reminded of a story which is as simple as it is true. One day an excellent gardener, now, alas, old and woebegone, came to see the Abbé. He huddled into a corner; for he had lost his strength to do any hard work and was poor and sick at heart. The Abbé Pierre saw this wizened creature who had come to beg for help. Before the gardener could speak a word the Abbé Pierre went up to him smiling and, shaking his hands, sat beside him. "I have just heard you are a gardener. You know we've been looking for someone like you who can guide our many young and inexperienced men. Will you help us? We should be happy if you would work for us." "Help you?" stammered the man. "But I had come to beg. . . ." "Then it's settled," said the Abbé Pierre, " Thank you very much." And the gardener who had thought that none in the world wanted him could hardly believe his ears. When the Abbé Pierre patted him gently on the shoulder he sobbed loud and long.

Danilo Dolci sees such human problems and tries to find "technically feasible solutions" to them. When he had told us his story other participants to the Symposium, men like Professor René Dumont, gave some account of their own experiences in India, Africa and other technically underdeveloped

areas. Could they learn from what Danilo Dolci had said and done? The answer is "Yes."

Jean Fanchette, the Editor of the bilingual quarterly, *Two Cities,* has asked me to prepare a Special Number to celebrate Tagore's Centenary. Its publication is to coincide with a Tagore Evening I am hoping to arrange, probably at the Alliance Française. If we can get some of Tagore's paintings, which are, I believe, being exhibited at Rome, it would reveal to the public another facet of the great poet's many-sided genius. Some critics hold that Tagore was as great a painter as he was a poet. The Musée Guimet would rather have me prepare a musical and recital evening if competent Bengali singers and musicians can be found in November. I am inclined to produce André Gide's translation of the *Post Office* which he rendered as *Amal ou le Lettre du Roi.* I saw Ludmilla Pitoeff's production in 1947. These and other problems, which include that of the funds involved, are facing me now. And, what about the speakers? Madame Romain Rolland obviously, and perhaps Philip Stern, who met Tagore thirty years ago when the poet delivered at the Musée Guimet his lectures on the Baul singers of Bengal. But there are other names that come to my mind: François Mauriac, André Maurois, to say nothing of some of the Latin American writers like Marionao Picon-Salas, who happen to be in Paris. I am trying to interest the Congress for Cultural Freedom in this project. If they agree I may be able to go right ahead.

In a few weeks from now we shall see the great exhibition of Indian Art through the Ages. The Petit Palais, which has housed many an exhibition before, will show great treasures such as, till they were shown in Essen, Germany, have never assembled under the same roof. Those who will see Indian sculpture for the first time will start comparing these works with their Greek counterparts. The penetrating genius of Tagore saw that the fundamental difference between Indian and Greek civilization goes back to their respective origins. Greek civilization is a product of the town, it "has a cradle of bricks and mortar"; Indian civilization comes from the primeval forests in which the Aryan invaders settled. It has remained in constant touch with nature, with the world of beasts and plants. Here, at the very outset, the lines of development diverge. Greece followed up the principle of differentiation, fostering the growth of the individual and the intellect. She isolated man from the rest of creation (which he could then only understand when it was endowed with a human soul — hence the fauns, dryads, nymphs, etc.), saw him as the measure of all things, and the consistent development of this spirit led to science, which subsequently created the ideal of man as the master of the subjugated hostile nature.

Japanese and Chinese art have already influenced European art. Indian art, which is much more complex, may do the same. It might well influence the art of the future. The moment that people realize that it has all to do with appearance, the profounder knowledge of natural phenomena which has come with the European development of reason will lead to a deeper understanding and at the same time to a greater amazement.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

It is perhaps a hopeful sign to find how impossible it is to keep pace with, and be aware of, all the organizations and bodies, governmental and non-governmental, that are, each in its own way, devoting constructive time and effort to breaking through the walls of ignorance and self-centredness between nations and races. Humanitarian and social, political and cultural, agencies are making breaches in these walls, and even religious *rapprochement* is finding expression. Bodies originally with more special aims are also interesting themselves in projects connected with world interdependence; and it is interesting to note that the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, of Reynolda, North Carolina, U.S.A. (formed to promote "the well-being and betterment of mankind within the United States and its possessions") is sponsoring the International Communications Foundation among the various "charitable, educational, recreational, literary, religious, scientific or public purposes" that it assists and supports. The ICF has prepared an audio-visual educational kit on Turkey from materials that its staff collected there two years ago, and there are four similar kits in preparation, on Iran, Pakistan, Yugoslavia and Afghanistan. Incidentally the Asia Society, of 112 East 64th Street, New York 21, U.S.A., has also published an illustrated packet on South Asia (India, Ceylon, Nepal, Pakistan) for educational purposes. In April 1960 the President of the International Communications Foundation, Mr. Larry Van Mourick, Jr., was on a film assignment in India (Hindi-Urdu language series) for the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The headquarters of ICF is 9033 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California, U.S.A. (Executive Director, Mr. Lawrence Van Mourick, Sr.).

In a series of three Azad Memorial Lectures delivered in New Delhi under the auspices of the Indian Council for Cultural Relations in February, Professor Arnold Toynbee spoke as the profound historian he is, but also as a crusader for the human spirit. He expressed his confidence that mankind would succeed in abolishing war. But that would involve, he said, the setting up of a rudimentary World Government under a central agency to control the production of atomic energy. According to a report published in the *Hindustan Times* (New Delhi):—

> War, he said, was a thing of the past. "My own guess, for what little it is worth, about the future of the ancient institution of war is that we are now going to succeed in abolishing it."
>
> Comparing the abolition of war with the abolition of slavery, he recalled that slavery was as deeply ingrained and old as war, but that it had been abolished not long ago. Mankind in the past had "saved itself from itself" at the eleventh hour. Today, it was madness to dance on the edge of the precipice. And he quoted the curtly worded epigram, "One world or none."

Speaking as a world citizen of tomorrow — as Professor Humayun Kabir called him in his introductory remarks — and also as one deeply involved with the world of today, Professor Toynbee called into focus the spirit of the Indian contribution to the historical enterprise man is engaged upon, namely, a humane spirit free from bitterness, in an endea-

vour to create a unified world. The report adds:—

Professor Toynbee began by praising what he thought would be India's special contribution towards the movement astir today among mankind to live as a single family: its large-heartedness and broad-mindedness. This would be of priceless value in the new age into which mankind had been launched by the West's special contribution: the essential technological framework, and Western liberalism, a gift of which the West can properly be proud.

According to the lecturer's diagnosis, to meet its desperate needs, mankind needs organization and, in the present state of resources in large areas of the world, this organization can only be world-wide. Pleading for a new kind of patriotism for mankind as a whole, he declared:—

Union of mankind in a single world community was emphasized by the need to solve the problems of food and population as well as by the need to abolish war. The movement for limiting population would have to be international. Also for science to be employed effectively for food production, the world would have to be treated as a single economic unit: "food produced at any place in the world must be brought to the mouths of any hungry people at any other place in the world."

Without any organization for this, he remarked, science would be hamstrung. These requirements being political, they could be met only if control over production and distribution of food were transferred from national Governments to a world authority invested with the relevant powers.

Emphasizing that the bond of brotherhood embraced, in truth, not only humans but beings of all kinds, Professor Toynbee referred to Indian literature and cited the instance of Ashoka, "a morally outstanding figure." The report adds:—

Ashoka put conscience into practice in exercising political authority. He did of course intervene outside his empire's frontiers, but only by sending out Buddhist missionaries, who carried with them knowledge and the message of peace.

Professor Toynbee rounded off his lecture with a reference to Akbar, and to the Indianization of his Turkish spirit. Akbar's Din-i-Ilahi, he thought, was characteristically Indian in its "large-hearted catholicity." However, Akbar did not renounce war — perhaps because it was difficult for practical reasons. In the atomic age, he said, the spirit needed in statesmen was Ashoka's spirit. The world can no longer do without unity, but unity uncoerced.

In his second lecture, Professor Toynbee surveyed the contemporary scene in a historical perspective to draw the conclusion that the prospects of world unity were uncertain. Speaking passionately of the imperative need for world unity, the lecturer recommended the use of propaganda in the service of this noble ideal to eliminate what he called the neolithic mentality which had survived for five thousand years. He felt that nationalism was the chief obstacle to world unity, and, as such, it was man's worst enemy in the present chapter of world history. It was vitally necessary to bring under control the destructive forces of nationalism.

In the concluding lecture, Professor Toynbee commended India's characteristic tolerance and efforts to settle disputes through non-violent methods to the rest of the world in this nuclear age when the alternative to world union was world destruction. He said:—

India's success or failure in this enterprise would augur the success or failure of the world as a whole, and "the redemption of the world's too-long-exploited peasantry is one of the necessary preliminaries to the establishment of a genuine world community."

Professor Toynbee paid a tribute to India for establishing a secular *régime* placing the adherents of all religions on an equal footing and made an earnest appeal for the retention of the Indian traditional practice of withdrawing for recurrent periods of contemplation.

The art of contemplation, he said, was but another name for the art of living. It was

the greatest lesson that India had to teach to the present-day world.

In conclusion, he pointed out the rather formidable obligation, due to Gandhiji and to history, which the people of India owed to the world, namely, the obligation to go on setting an Indian example of non-violence to the rest of the world:—

In the hurricane of annihilating material power provided by atomic energy, the practice of non-violence was necessary for mankind to save itself from self-destruction.

In this connection, Professor Toynbee remarked that India had incurred the obligation to Mahatma Gandhi and to history to keep on setting an example of non-violence to the world. India's failure in this, he felt, would make the outlook bleak for mankind as a whole.

Professor Toynbee reminded his audience of the Indian tradition of tolerance, and the Indian belief that "there is more than one approach to truth and to salvation." Indeed, he said, the broad-minded religious spirit that was once upon a time worldwide, survived in India alone. India must preserve this spiritual heritage as a common treasure for mankind. It was a treasure of inestimable value in the atomic age.

"My Son, thou hast still many things to learn, which thou hast not well learned yet."

"What are they, Lord?"

"To place thy desire altogether in subjection to my good pleasure and not to be a lover of thyself, but an earnest seeker of my will. Thy desires often excite and urge thee forward: but consider with thyself whether thou art not more moved for thine own objects than for my honour. If it is myself that thou seekest thou shalt be well content with whatsoever I shall ordain; but if any pursuit of thine own lieth hidden within thee, behold it is this which hindereth and weigheth thee down.

"Beware, therefore, lest thou strive too earnestly after some desire which thou hast conceived, without taking counsel of me: lest haply it repent thee afterwards, and that displease thee which before pleased, and for which thou didst long as for a great good. For not every affection which seemeth good is to be forthwith followed: neither is every opposite affection to be immediately avoided. Sometimes it is expedient to use restraint even in good desires and wishes, lest through importunity thou fall into distraction of mind, lest through want of discipline thou become a stumbling-block to others, or lest by the resistance of others thou be suddenly disturbed and brought to confusion.

"Sometimes indeed it is needful to use violence, and manfully to strive against the sensual appetite, and not to consider what the flesh may or may not will; but rather to strive after this, that it may become subject, however unwillingly, to the spirit. And for so long it ought to be chastised and compelled to undergo slavery, even until it be ready for all things, and learn to be contented with little, to be delighted with things simple, and never to murmur at any inconvenience."

—Thomas a Kempis: *The Imitation of Christ*, Book IV, Ch. XI.

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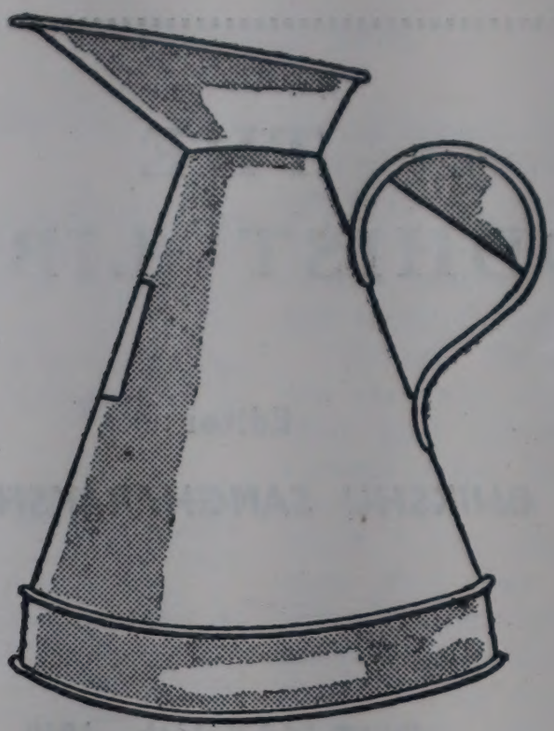

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2	57
3	85
4	114
5 (=1 Gill)	142

GILLS	MILLILITRES (ml) (to nearest ml)
1	142
2	284
3	426
4 (=1 Pint)	568

PINTS	LITRES (l)	MILLILITRES (to nearest ml)
1	—	568
2(=1 Quart)	1	136

QUARTS	LITRES	MILLILITRES (ml) (to nearest ml)
1	1	136
2	2	273
3	3	409
4 (=1 Gallon)	4	546

GALLONS	LITRES	MILLILITRES (to nearest 10 ml)
1	4	550
2	9	90
3	13	640
4	18	180
5	22	730
6	27	280
7	31	820
8	36	370
9	40	910
10	45	460

GALLONS	LITRES	MILLILITRES (to nearest 100 ml)
20	90	900
30	136	400
40	181	800
50	227	300
60	272	800
70	318	200
80	363	700
90	409	100
100	454	600

MILLILITRES	FI. OUNCES (to nearest ¼ fl. oz.)
10	¼
20	½
30	1
40	1½
50	1¾
60	2
70	2½
80	2¾
90	3¼
100	3½

LITRES	GALLONS	QUARTS	PINTS	GILLS (to nearest gill)
1	—	—	1	3
2	—	1	1	2
3	—	2	1	1
4	—	3	1	—
5	1	—	—	3
6	1	1	—	2
7	1	2	—	1
8	1	3	—	—
9	1	3	1	3

MILLILITRES	PINTS	GILLS	FI. OUNCES (to nearest ½ fl. oz.)
200	—	1	2
300	—	2	⅛
400	—	2	4
500	—	3	2½
600	—	4	1
700	1	0	4½
800	1	1	3
900	1	2	1½
1000(=1 litre)	1	3	—

LITRES	GALLONS	QUARTS	PINTS (to nearest pint)
10	2	1	—
20	4	1	1
30	6	2	1
40	8	3	—
50	11	—	—
60	13	1	—
70	15	1	1
80	17	2	1
90	19	3	—
100	22	—	—

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